

AN
APOLOGY
FOR THE
CONDUCT

OF
M^{RS}. T. C. PHILLIPS.

VOL. III.



LONDON:

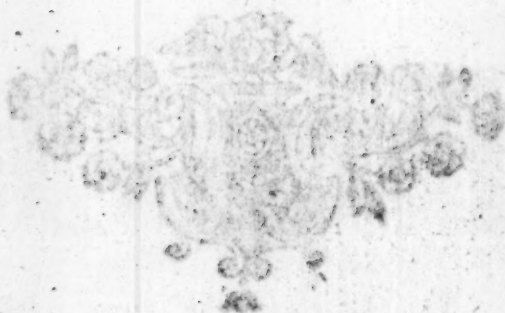
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MDCCLXXXIV.

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OF
M^{rs}. Teresia Constantia Phillips.

HOW hard is the Fate of a Woman, who has had the Misfortune to make any false Step in her Conduct! She may prostrate herself at the Feet of the Public; she may, with the utmost Humility and Contrition, confess her Offences; she may implore Forgiveness of an offended World; and, with the deepest Affliction, take Shame to

herself for any Scandal she has given them; but in vain! that Penitence which we are taught to believe will appease the Wrath of an offended God, is not Atonement sufficient in the Opinion of our much severer Judges, the World; else might we hope our Apologist would, at least, have found that Charity and Compassion, her Contrition, and free Acknowledgement of her Faults, deserve: But no! that would be following too closely the Christian System, of *doing as they would be done by*.

But if she is denied the little Merit her Submissions to the World entitle her to, will it not be allowed us, that Example leaves deeper Impressions than Precept? And if this is the Case, how must the tender Minds of our fair Readers be affected with her melancholy Story? If there could possibly be found any Pleasures in such a Life, must they not have happened to her? There was no Temptation wanting that could possibly delude her into a Belief of Happiness; for all who know her, admit, that no unhappy Woman was ever what the World calls in higher Life than herself; and yet she avers, that amidst all that Adoration and Splendor, she never had one single Hour's Tranquillity; they were always imbibited by some attendant Circumstance.

cumstance, that clouded the whole ; or, if left to herself, her own Reflections gnawed upon her Mind, and kept her a Stranger to that Chearfulness and real Tranquillity that always accompanies a Life of Innocence

But the Fair, we hope, will be warned by her Unhappiness, to shun the dangerous Paths in which she has trod.

In fine, if she has any Merit, all we hope is, that it may help to bury her Faults in Oblivion ; yet, so true it is, that the Resentments of the World are harder to be appeased, than even the Wrath of Heaven, this Christian Duty of *Forgiveness*, which we are commanded to *extend to all*, is *denied to her* ; and lest her past Misconduct, by being in some Shape accounted for, and, upon the whole, humbly submitted to the public Censure, should in some Degree blunt the Edge of that Resentment she confesses to have deserved, there are some, who, not contented with the Vices she with Shame has confessed, would give her others, which by no Means belong to her Nature or Character ; and are even displeased that she should *dare* endeavour to efface those Impressions, they had with such *ill-natured Pleasure and Certainty imbibed* ; and this, from the Ladies

too ! for whom, we hope it will be acknowledged, we have hitherto preserved the most profound Respect.

But, Ladies, as it is her Frailties that brings her to your Feet, contrary to your gentle Natures, would you trample upon the Suppliant? Oh ! look, we conjure you, but a Moment inward, and we consent, *she who finds herself free from Fault shall cast the first Stone.*

Which Way can she now offend ? this Age produces few who will fall in Love with the Picture she has drawn of her Unhappiness ; though some, indeed, may be induced to pity :—The very Cause of your Displeasure is at an End ; our Apologist now approaches her fortieth Year ; and Time has taken from her the Attractions, that heretofore led her into those Mistakes which incurred your Displeasure. She may be now pitied by the Humane and Good ; and assure yourselves, that is all she aspires to ; far, very far was it from our Thoughts to endeavour to set her forth as unblameable : There is not a minute Action of her Life that can be attended with the World's Disapprobation, but we look upon it in the very Light they themselves do ; but is there no Difference between constitutional Vices, *Errors we are led into by our Passions,*

Passions, and those which proceed from the Badness of our Hearts? A Woman may want conjugal Affection, Integrity, Sobriety, maternal Tenderness, Frugality, Good-nature, Patience, Temperance, Prudence, Charity, and, in fine, every social Virtue, if she contrive to keep her Person chaste, even though Nature had put a Negative on all Temptations to make her otherwise, all is well in the World's Opinion; the Want of every Thing that can be an Ornament to her Sex, is balanced by the Word Virtue.

Here we hope our Readers will not mistake our Meaning; *Chastity* we admit to be one of the most shining Ornaments that can add Lustre to a Woman's Character; but while they are preserving that, we would recommend to their Consideration, to think these we have just mentioned *are not totally unnecessary*; and that, among others, they would be so good as to sometimes exercise the Christian *Virtue of Charity*, so far as to believe a Woman may trespass upon that first Punctilio, and yet be, in all other Respects, a *moral* honest Creature.

Our Readers will naturally imagine these melancholy reflections must proceed from some new Injury that has been offered her;

but, lest in citing our greater Evils our lesser should be forgot, we must first inform them, we are told, the Enemies of Mrs. *Muilman* give out, that her Books are not only intended to introduce, but to traduce the Characters of the Generality of her Acquaintance.

It would be indeed a voluminous Performance, were that to be the Case: But we beg Leave to assure them, it was never her Intention, through Pique, wantonly to attack any particular Person; but as, in a Narrative of this kind, we were not only obliged to tell her Misfortunes, but the Springs from whence those Misfortunes arose, such a Work must have been a Heap of Confusion, if we had not kept some Order of Time; and when we were accounting for her Life, it would be naturally expected we should also tell with whom she passed it: And so far from endeavouring to draw in unnecessary Characters, we have made it our chief Care to mention none, but what we are under an absolute Necessity of introducing; and she most sincerely wishes, these had given her an Opportunity to have wrote their Panegyric: It would have been an Office much more suited to her Inclinations.

But

But our Readers will be hereafter convinced, she deserves this Calumny as little as some others that have been as falsely laid to her Charge ; for unless we are attacked, and under an absolute Necessity to vindicate ourselves, we will never go out of our Way, either to offend or oblige ; and we are mortified to the last Degree, that our present Complaint should proceed from a Lady, and one of high Rank also, whom we are sure she could never in any Shape have offended, unless the doing a *charitable*, well-intended Action, could possibly be deemed an *Offence* ; and which she undertook at the Request of several miserable People, who intreated her to write to her Grace, and implore her Charity for them ; and so true it is, that nothing commiserates the Wretched so easily as the Wretched.

Mrs. *Muilman*, then a Prisoner herself, had an Opportunity of being an Eye-witness to the great Distresses they were in, and without any other Consideration but their miserable Condition, did every thing in her Power to succour them.

The same Motive also, and their Request, induced her to write, not only to this Lady, but to several others at a Time they every Moment expected to be transported,

sported, naked and pennyless; and so far her Solicitations succeeded, they received immediate Relief; though not one Shilling, that ever we heard of, from her Grace: But that is no Part of our Complaint; her Grace's Charity is at her own Disposal.

The cruel Aspersions Mrs. *Muilman* groans under is, that her Grace, in the public Rooms at *Tunbridge* (where our Apologist was frequently mentioned, in consequence of a Letter published in the latter Part of the Second Number of Vol. II.) was pleased to say, she had received a Letter from our Apologist, the Purport of which was to beg Money for the unhappy People in the *New Jail*; but that her Grace did not chuse to trust any *to her Distribution*; for if *she had, it would have been, she was sure, converted to her own Use*: For, continued her Grace, I sent to the Jail to inquire if they were in any such Want, and they all assured the People who went there, *they wanted for nothing, and that it was without their Knowledge such Application was made.*—Though we can prove, beyond a Possibility of Contradiction, the last Year of their Confinement, they were so very much neglected by their pretended Friends, that some
among

among them would have thought themselves under a great Obligation for so small a Charity as *Half a Crown*. But to the Matter of her Grace's Accusation.

If, Readers, what her Grace has advanced be true, we admit there is nothing on Earth can be so abandoned and profligate as our Apologist! — But if there is no sort of Ground for suspecting that ever such a Thought entered her Head, what will ye then say to such a Calumny? Can it be paralleled by any thing but the Injustice of raising it upon an innocent Person?

But as, in all our Controversies, we will make you Judges for yourselves, the following is the Copy of one of the Letters the distressed People wrote to her upon the Occasion. The Originals of all are still in her Hands, and she can bring above a hundred People of the first Fashion and Fortunes in *London*, to avouch the Truth of the Contents, and who were also concerned in the same charitable Office.

DEAR MADAM,

WE are in the utmost Confusion, having this Moment been informed there has been a Messenger here, to acquaint Mr. Jones we are to be transported;
and

and to order him to have us in Readiness at a Minute's Warning.

For God's Sake, dear Madam, take Compassion on our miserable Condition, and write to any of our Friends you think can assist us with a few Cloaths and Shirts; for God knows, we are naked and pennyless!

My Wife will go with any Letters you write, and all our earnest Prayers for your Happiness will for ever attend you. We are,

Madam,

With the greatest Respect,

Your most humble Servants,

JAMES WELLDAY,
CHAR. OLIPHANT, &c.

September 24, 1747.

Upon Receipt of this Letter, our Apologist wrote to several People of Fashion, whose charitable Disposition she knew made no Distinction between the Miserable, of what Party, Religion, or Condition soever they might be: It was for God's Sake they relieved, and in Charity to their Fellow-Creatures. But, in particular, to the Lady we complain of, she wrote the following Letter.

MADAM,

MADAM,

AS the Care of the Unhappy is an Employment few People chuse to undertake, they must of consequence be very ill-served, if Heaven does not raise them up some Friend who will convey the Knowledge of their Miseries to your Grace's Ear ; and for my Part, I am one of those who cannot behold their Unhappiness with only a pitying Eye, without endeavouring to awaken those to their Assistance, who have the Power (and I make no doubt the Will) to relieve them.

It is for the poor People in the *New Jail*, I take the Liberty to supplicate your Grace's Assistance ; and there are some of them (and real Gentlemen too, Catholics also) whose Miseries sure nothing can equal. There are seven in a Room in the back Part of the Prison, where neither Air nor scarce Light can comfort them ; who not only want Bread and Fire, but every other Necessary of Life, even to Covering.

With these, though my Circumstances are very unhappy, I every Day share my Dinner ; but that alone is a poor Support, though all in my Power to give them.

These are Part of those reprieved, and expect every Moment to be transported ;
for

for they have had Notice to hold themselves in Readiness at a Moment's Warning. They are indeed in Readiness, but without one Shilling in the World, or even a second Shirt among them! And, to make the Weight of their Misery still the more insupportable, some of them are so unhappy, as to have Wives and Children now with them in the Prison; and they have lately had but very little Support, save their Prison Allowance, and that but very ill paid, which is only a Groat a Day.

I may not have the Honour to be remembered by your Grace, but if you will please to mention me to any body, I believe they will answer for me, I would not colour even this Distress with the least Fal-lacy.

I hope your Grace will please to take Compassion on their Miseries, and not to suffer these poor unhappy People to be hurried away in a Condition impossible to support Life under; and, in my Opinion, far more unhappy than those who rendered up Life at the Tree; for there their Miseries ended.

Whatever

Whatever Assistance your Grace is pleased to intend them, must be immediate, or it will come to late. The Great God of Heaven will I hope reward your Grace.

I am, *Madam,*

Your GRACE's

most obedient,

humble Servant,

T. CON. PHILLIPS.

Sept. 26, 1747.

P. S. *Whoever your Grace is pleased to send, must enquire for the Room where Mr. Oliphant and Wellday are.*

The Copy of the foregoing Letter she sent to the unhappy People, and received the following Answer.

MADAM,

THIS Morning I was favoured with your kind Letter, and also the Copy of your's to the D—— of N—— in our Favours; for which I, and all my Fellow-Sufferers, offer you our most hearty Thanks, for your compassionate and generous Applications for us.

We have not as yet had any Intimation from

from our Jailor, of our being transported; though I make no doubt of his knowing of it: But this is only of a-piece with his other Behaviour to us, which has been, I cannot help saying, cruel; because we have not Money to throw away as others do to whom he grants his Favours.

When I wrote to you Yesterday, I could not lay my Hand upon the inclosed Papers, which I have now sent you, that you may be more fully convinced of what I then wrote; and as I am obliged to make use of Lord *Lyon's* Name, I cannot omit to acquaint you how I came to be in his Family.

My Father Lord *Patrick Oliphant*, after spending the Remnant of his Estate, went to *Flanders* in the Year 1712, and was a Captain in the *Royal Scots*; and, at *Dunkirk*, he met with my Mother, who was a Daughter of one Capt. *Lascelles*, in the King of *France's* Service; by whom she had me, and two Sisters who are dead; and in 1716, my Mother brought me to the North of *Scotland*, and left me with a Sister of my Father's, (who soon after died) and went herself to *Ireland* to my Father; and after that I never saw her, and my Father dying in 1720, in *London*, I was left thus unfortunate when but nine Years of Age, until Lord *Lyon* took Care of me,
gave

gave me Education, and kept me in his Family for the Space of fifteen Years, and has ever since acted the Part of a Father by me.

By this you will know who I am : I will only now add, that God may ever preserve you, which is and shall be the constant Prayers of,

Madam,

*Your most grateful, and
obedient, humble Servant,*

CHARLES OLIPHANT.

New Jail, Saturday,

Sept. 27, 1747.

P. S. *Please to return me the Inclosed Papers after Perusal.*

Our Readers will now be able to judge, how far Mrs. *Muilman* can possibly be suspected of any Intention to impose upon that great Lady.

But having lately had an Occasion to pay her Respects to many People of Condition, wherever she went she was constantly attacked with this Story, and it was not without the greatest Pains she convinced them of her Innocence; but though those she had the Honour of approaching,

proaching, might possibly have the Charity to acquit her of such a villainous Intention, it did not hinder this Story from gaining Ground ; so that at last she found herself under an absolute Necessity of clearing her Character with regard to this Affair, and this brought her to a Resolution to write to her Grace, which she accordingly did the following Letter.

MADAM,

THE last Office I would have chosen, is that of writing to your Grace on any disagreeable Subject. I am very sensible of the great Deference that ought to be paid to your Grace's high Station ; a Consideration that will always keep me within the just Limits of Respect. But, Madam, I might perhaps, under my present Provocation, err in the Point of Ceremonial even to your Grace, if Heaven had not blessed me with some small Share of Understanding and Prudence : Though at the same time my little Knowledge teaches me the awful Distance due to your Grace, it also reminds me of an indispensable Duty and Obligation I owe to my Reputation (for I do not hold it *Chastity* is the *only* valuable Part of a Woman's Character) and therefore chuse not to be equally neglectful

neglectful of my moral, as I have heretofore been of my personal Conduct.

Thus compelled by Nature's first Law (Self-Preservation) I am bound to defend myself from an injurious Report, which I cannot bear without Complaint — without Grief — and (as far as is consistent with that Respect your high Degree demands of me) without Resentment, and an honest Endeavour at Relief and Reparation for the unmerciful Injury. But to tire your Grace as little as possible, my Complaint, in a Word, is this.

Having, not by one Person alone but by above Fifty, been upbraided with an Affair which has the Confirmation of coming from your Grace's own mouth in the public Rooms at *Tunbridge*, of my Intention, in *September* last was Twelve-months, to impose upon your Grace, under a Pretence of begging Money for the unhappy People in the *New Jail*, in order to convert it to my own Use; I must confess the Thought of it has at present made me lose all manner of Patience: For when I examine my Heart; and remember my deep Affliction for their miserable Situation, and how often I have sat down without a Dinner, or at most but with half a one, to give them the other, I could tear myself to

to Pieces to think there can be found on Earth any one so inhuman and cruel, as to load me with such a Calumny. Far from my Thoughts was such an Act of Baseness; and every one that knows me is sensible, I suffered Hunger and Misery, myself, to share my little with them.

Had I the Honour to be known to your Grace, you would never have suspected me of such a Design; no, not even though my Life had been saved by it. I have no Conception of any Terrors in Death equal to the Horrors of such a Crime. - I only lament that I was not Mistress of a twentieth Part of your Grace's Fortune; for had that been the Case, they should not have been under the Necessity of becoming Beggars to the Public for that Assistance which all, who call themselves Christians, are bound in Conscience to offer the Distress'd. But, Madam, it was my own Inability that made me call upon your Grace, and all other charitable Christians whom I knew had Fortunes and, I hoped, the Will to assist them, at a Time they were every Moment in Expectation of being transported in a State of Wretchedness scarce to be equalled: And your Grace very well knows, so far from desiring to be the Distributor of the Bounty I implored for them,

them, I pointed to you in my Letter who the proper Objects were; that, whomsoever you thought fit to send, might, when they went to the Jail, know where to find them: And had your Grace been so candid as to have shewn my Letter, I should not have been under the disagreeable Necessity of making it public myself. Pray, Madam, did any thing there favour of an Intention to impose upon your Grace?—Believe me, I would no more be guilty of such an Action, than, were I the first Dukes in *England*, I would deny my Charity to the Miserable of every Denomination. And when I am appearing before the World to clear my Character (which however justly may have in some Parts of it incurred the public Censure) I would not, it may be imagined, chuse it should be aggravated by Crimes which by no Means belong to it;——a Crime which I am in doubt if any Penitence can atone for. Can your Grace believe I will, or can, sit down tamely under the Imputation of so horrid an Action?——No, Madam, I would not live under it: Therefore, I call on your Grace for that Reparation of Honour, which you know you are bound in Conscience and Charity to make me; and I tremble at the bare Suspicion of a
 Refusal.

Refusal, since that must inevitably force me to a Public Justification. Alas ! if such Calumnies can come from Persons of Rank and high Quality, where are we to look for Patterns of Truth worthy of Imitation ? In fine, Madam, all the Misfortunes I have ever gone through in my Life, never gave me Pain equal to this, and it is from your Grace only I must receive Relief.

I am under a Necessity to be thus plain with your Grace ; for I look upon myself as unworthy to breathe, while I lie under the Imputation of a Crime, which, having the Sanction of your Grace's Attestation, is not easily refuted. I am,

Madam,

Your GRACE's

most humble Servant,

Craig's Court,
Dec. 16, 1748.

T. C. PHILLIPS.

But that *great Lady*, as we have been informed, highly resenting the Boldness of our Apologist, in presuming to call a Person of her Rank to account for any thing she was pleased to say, looks upon it as beneath her to take any Notice of our Apologist's Complaints ; taking it for granted, that

that when the Dutches of ——— did Mrs. *Phillips* the Honour to mention her, though it was to load her with the most cruel Calumny that a barbarous Heart could invent, our Apologist ought to sit down content, highly pleased that her Grace would vouchsafe to confess her Name was not *altogether unknown* to her ; or at least so intimidated, by the great Respect an unhappy Woman in her Situation, ought to pay to a great *Duchess*, as to be dumb ; and by her Silence, confess herself capable of such an Act of Baseness.

But, good God ! how is the *Greatness of Soul*, that ought to accompany high Titles, *shewn in such Sentiments* ! Mrs. *Phillips* has the Honour to remember her Grace when, as a *private Gentlewoman*, the Preference was not against our Apologist ; and does the Accident of Marriage, which carries along with it Titles of high Honour, make such a *superlative Difference* between them, that this *great Lady* shall, *unprovoked*, inhumanly load her with a Crime, which, to examine the Nature of, would make the honest Reader shudder ? And our Apologist, because she is unhappy, is to suffer this without complaining. No, Readers, no ; that is the very Reason she complains ; for all Distinction between them

them, in her Opinion, subsides, when that *great Lady* forgets herself so far as to do her such an unmerciful injury; for, put it in it's true Light, it is no less, in a public Place to say, that our Apologist *endeavoured to defraud her Grace of Money, under a Pretence of begging it for the Miserable — the Wretched — and Imprisoned — in order to convert it to her own Use!*

If our Apologist could suffer herself to be led away by the hasty Resentments of a Woman, her intercourse with People of the highest Rank, puts it *greatly in her Power to recriminate*, and in a Manner, that possibly might not be *altogether so agreeable to that great Lady*. But she conceives, there need no Invectives, while a plain Narrative of the Facts carry along with it such convincing Proofs of her Innocence, and so apparent an Instance of a Person of that high Rank deviating from the Truth, and unprovoked by any Reason that we can guess at, unless that our Apologist, having laid herself at the Feet of the Public, her Grace thought it *meritorious* to set the *first Christian Example, of trampling upon the Suppliant*; which, it must be owned, shews a *most humane Disposition*, and well becoming a Lady in her high Station: Indeed, all Things considered, it must be confessed
her

Her Grace is a fit Person to fling the first Stone.

Our Apologist wishes from her Soul, that some of the great Personages she has the Honour to know, and of equal Quality with her Grace, would condescend to our drawing a Contrast Character. It would be there our Imagination could take it's proper Flight ; how wanton could we be in the Praises of a *certain Duchess* in the Neighbourhood of our Apologist ! Her Person beautiful as Fancy can form ;——her Temper sweet and affable ;——her Manners courteous and humble ;——her upright Mind an absolute Stranger to the *Vice of Slander* ;——Truth flows from her Lips as the natural Dictates of her Heart ;——the best of Wives and the tenderest Mother ;——the Delight of all who have the Honour to approach her, for the Innocence of her Thoughts is plainly visible in the becoming Chearfulness of her Countenance.

These, Readers, these are Accomplishments *truly noble* ; and the Qualities that ought to distinguish *Nobility* from *Plebeian Blood*. Their Titles may give them Place and Precedence, but unless their high Rank be dignified by Virtues like these, they are only raised to be pitied, and conspicu-

ous to be despised.—*The Pride that best becomes consummate Greatness, is Goodness of Heart and Benevolence of Mind*; they who would be truly noble must scorn to do Ill.

Little did our Apologist imagine her Submissions to the World would have stirred up the Anger or Envy of Persons of high Rank against her; especially those whom she has never complained of, nor even pretend they have been in any Shape injured by her.

We are quite sensible, the Reader has a Right to be superior to a Writer; and all have a Liberty to approve or condemn as they think fit; and so far we could, with great Humility, have submitted to their Censure: But we set out with informing our Readers one of the strong Motives for our Writing was to relieve her unhappy Circumstances. We are quite conscious, had we aspired to Fame in Writing, we have in no Degree Merit to deserve it. Is it not therefore hard, that a *great Man*, who does her the Honour to bestow *Twelve-pence* for a Number of her Work, instead of examining the Truth and Probability of the Facts set forth, or moral Intention of the Work, should load our unhappy Apologist with Abuse and Scurrility? And the best Name a certain noble

noble Lord can give her, in a public Chocolate-House, is, *Damned impudent B—b, &c. how dare she attack People of high Rank; the B——b ought to be ducked, &c.*

This, Readers, is the polite Language of a *French*-educated, courtly, young Nobleman, whom she has had the Honour to entertain at her House in as elegant a Manner as was in her Power; and is not conscious of having, in any other Way, offended than by complaining of his honest Kinsman Mr. *Tartufe*.

This *noble Lord* is one of those who looks upon it as the highest Insolence in a *Woman*, of any Rank or Condition, to murmur at the Injuries she receives from a *Man*; and if he knew how to bend our Apologist into this humble way of Thinking, would gladly extend the *lordly Superiority* over her.

But as Misfortunes seldom operate upon the human Mind in a moderate Degree, the Effects they produce being either a total Deprivation of Reason, or else the Spirits are so sunk and broken by them, that the unhappy Sufferer, worn into a stupid State of Insensibility, unresisting, bends under every new Oppression; yet, happy for our Apologist, she is formed with a Disposition very opposite to this *Female*

Supineness. Her Misfortunes have shewn her the Necessity of becoming superior to them, and every new Oppression she meets with, adds fresh Vigour to her Fortitude: Therefore, quite unshaken *with the Storms of this great Lord's Resentment, she begs Leave to return his gross Compliments, if not in the very same delicate Stile in which they came to her Ears, yet in their genuine Spirit and Meaning*; for she has a Soul too masculine to become an Opponent fit to answer his Lordship in the *Billingsgate Stile*: And we are of Opinion, his Cloaths would fit full as well, if he would be at the Pains to model his Good-Breeding in *France* as well as his Fashions. *His Truth and Sincerity*, we confess, *are completely French*; an Instance of which it may not be improper to give our Readers; but first we must inform them, this is the noble Lord mentioned in Number 4, Vol. II.

In an Interview that lately happened between him and our Apologist, they came to some uncourtly Explanations upon his Lordship telling her she lied, and denying some Part of the Conversation we have formerly mentioned, which his Lordship pretended to resent her making public, though she absolutely told him she would do so, before he went to *France*; and

and he then made no Objection. How far his Lordship was commissioned to compromise Matters between her and *Tartufe*, she knows not ; but she is informed he gives out, that he had Authority from *Tartufe* to offer her any thing she could ask, or make appear she deserved, in Satisfaction for the Injuries she pretended to have suffered by that Gentleman : But if our Apologist may be allowed to tell the Truth, in Opposition to this GREAT and MIGHTY LORD, she does most solemnly aver, he never made her any Offer or Hint of Compromise, but what she has before recited ; and rather said every thing he could think of to irritate, by putting her at Defiance.

The Convent Pension we heretofore mentioned, he declared he had no Authority from *Tartufe* to offer her, and only said, that perhaps he might have so much Influence as to persuade his Friend to assent to it ; and if it be true, that his Lordship had any Hint given him by *Tartufe* to this Purpose, *there cannot be a more striking Instance of modern Friendship* ; for, by every thing he said to her, no Man seemed more delighted with the approaching *ridiculous Figure* he was in Hopes (by what she told him) his Friend would make, than himself.

This is fashionable Friendship ! and such will it ever be, where *it is not cemented by Honour and Truth* : And this she does aver, that every thing he said to her, rather served to exasperate than soften her Resentment ; for had any Attempts been in earnest made, she was so inclined, that very little Persuasion, and a small Retaliation, would have contented her : But since his Lordship's Return from *France*, he no longer ridicules *Tartufe's* Sanctity ; and is now become the professed Champion for his Honesty ; and has had the Modesty to tell her to her Face, that, *say what she will of that Conversation, he will deny it* ; adding, that *he was sure he should be believed before her*.

If that be true, it is to little Purpose to inform our Readers of any farther Particulars : But we still hope, that, notwithstanding the *Certainty* this noble Lord has of gaining Credit before us, our Readers will be so candid as to confide in our Truths till they have any Reason to disbelieve us ; and as there was another Gentleman present, if he will get that Person to avouch she has recited one Word that did not come from his Lordship's Mouth, she consents to forfeit absolutely the Favour of the Public.

But

But as we are accustomed to make the Reader our Confident in most of the ridiculous Scenes which happen to us, we must trouble them with the Remains of this last polite Conversation.

Among other Things, upon Mrs. *Muilman's* averring that what she had said was true, *Pray, Madam*, says his Lordship in a haughty Tone, *do you consider the Distinction between us?* I know of none, replied she (*who once or twice in her Life has had the Honour of speaking to a Lord*) between Gentleman and Gentlewoman; and if the first Man of Quality in *England* behaves in a Manner so much below himself, as to tell a Lie of me, I not only look upon him as my Inferior, but as the lowest of Beings: But pray, my Lord, added she, what have I said that you alledge is untrue? I do not know indeed, replied his Lordship, I have not read that Number yet. Really, says she, it is pretty well denied, for a Man who makes that Confession: Will your Lordship give me Leave to read it to you? Which being assented to, she had the good Fortune to pitch upon the very Words, which were not only said at Supper before that neutral Gentleman, but repeated some Days after in Presence of three Gentlemen, who were

at Dinner with her, and very well remember every Word of that Conversation ; yet this his Lordship was pleased to deny in the Words, *By G—d, this is a d——'d Lie.*

Our Apologist, who has frequently visited foreign Countries, and has not forgot the Necessity of travelling with the Specie that is current in the different Places, confesses to have repaid his Lordship in his own Coin : But the Conversation being something too rapid to last, it ended in his Lordship's asking her, Well pray, Madam, what would you have me do ? Why (replied our Apologist, pretty much warmed at her Treatment) in my Opinion, my Lord, as you have began you had best continue to deny it, whether you are believed or not ; or else those you have said it to, must have as contemptible an Opinion of you as I have.

Upon this his Lordship took his Leave ; and if this Matter should happen to want a farther Explanation, Mrs. *Muilman* was so happy as to have, at the Time of this last Conversation, several Gentlemen in the next Room, who came to sup with her, and unavoidably heard every Word that was said ; for they did not talk in a very low Tone of Voice.

It

It is very disagreeable to us this Narrative should be lengthened by these kind of Explanations, so much further than our first Intention : But instead of being left at Liberty to recite her old Injuries, every Day brings us fresh Complaints and new Insults.

So apt are the Little to take or good or bad Examples from the Great, our Apologist has been insulted by Swains of an inferior Degree, emboldened by the Exploits of their Superiors ; so that she has been obliged to send some of them to Jail, and restrain them by Prosecutions at Law from doing her the most intolerable Outrage : And this, because she has *dared* to complain in Print of these *Masters of the Creation* ; who are offended, that, once in a *thousand Years*, a Woman should be found who has the Courage to take up Arms gainst her Oppressors, and prove that even a *Lord* may be—a *Villain*.

The Resentments of the Men we were prepared for, because she who has the Boldness to lay open the artful Turns and Wiles of that perfidious Sex, must never expect to make her Court to them by such Truths. Detections of this sort will hardly make these Betrayers her Friends ; for, as another Lord once said to her, *Mrs. Phillips,*

lips, what the D——l have you done? If the Girls read your Book, we shall never be able to come at any thing above the Degree of a Street-Walker.

These, Readers, are the unpardonable Offences our Apologist has committed; and every Man who finds himself disappointed by a Lady, who has the Wisdom to treasure up our Apologist's Counsel in her Mind, thinks himself intitled to abuse and insult her: But little could she expect the real Advantages that may be drawn from the Recital of her Misfortunes, would have made a great Lady her Enemy. However, she has this Consolation; her Grace, she is sure, is but one in Ten Thousand.

But what seems most amazing is, we have never been attacked but by neutral People, to whom she has given no sort of Offence. Those we have mentioned, have a Right to attack us; and if we have done them any Wrong, let them discover the Deceit to the Public, and shew wherein we have misled our Readers: But, till this shall happen, we hope they will have the Candour to believe our Apologist tells Truth, though she has not the Honour to be a Duchess.

We

We presume, if a Chasm had been left in this Work of four or five Years of her Life, it would be little or no Satisfaction to our Readers to be told, that they must excuse her reciting the Particulars of that Time, from her Fear of offending a great Lord, to whom *Tartufe* was in a Ninety-ninth Degree related; though indeed they seem to be *more closely connected by their Morals.*

This, we say, would have given no Satisfaction to our Readers, who might have naturally answered, if she was so pusillanimous, she should have sat down contented with her Oppressions, and never have begun; and that must have been the Case, had not our Apologist been well convinced of her own Fortitude: Therefore, not in the least intimidated with the Greatness of the Adversary, when she is attacked, she will take the Liberty to make use of such Methods to defend herself, as natural Self-Preservation points out: If a Gentleman insults and calls her B—ch at her Door, she will endeavour to send him to Jail: If a great Lord takes the same Liberty in a Chocolate-house, the only Remedy left her is to come to a public Expostulation: Perhaps Shame may do for the last, what the Dread of Punishment has done by the first.

When our Apologist was a young Woman, a great Lord was a Character every way honourable, and carried along with it the Ideas of Virtues and noble Sentiments; and commanded that awful Respect due to their high Birth. Their Quality and Titles gave them no Pre-eminence over their Inferiors to do them Wrong. Power in their Hands was made use of to protect, not to oppress, the Unhappy, and treat them with Ill-Breeding, Abuse, and Outrage. It is true, she has long left frequenting the World, and, by the Sample we have mentioned, it cannot be imagined her Ideas of *modern Lords* can be greatly raised; and she is *tenaciously* of Opinion, that unless a great Lord inherits and endeavours to imitate the Virtues of his noble Ancestors, he makes to the full as ridiculous and contemptible a Figure in their *Honours*, as he would do in the *Relicks of their Wardrobe of two hundred Years ago*.

Our Apologist intreats her Readers Forgiveness for this Digression from our principal Matter; and hopes they will please to reflect, it is the only Method we have left to justify ourselves, when attacked by Persons of high Rank.

The

The Promised Justification (which regarded the nominal *Esquire*) was a Work of another Nature. Our Apologist would have thought that for her own particular Injuries, a Cane in a proper Hand could have done her ample Justice; but she put herself to that extraordinary Trouble for the public Benefit.—We are however informed, that soft-favoured Youth has tried all the Weapons round, to see which would best serve his Purpose.

When first that Number made its Appearance, he publicly owned every Word of it was true, save that of betraying the Dispatches; and the modest Youth added, *What signifies a little Cheating at Cards? It is no more than all fine Gentlemen and fashionable People do.*

Three Days after, he confessed he opened the Dispatches at her Lodgings before her, but did not remember to have read aloud the Contents.

Two Days after that again, he denied the Whole; and this last seems to be his favourite Defence, and is most propagated by the Instruments he makes use of by way of Trumpeters.

As for the Dispatches, she is ready (if desired) to repeat them by Letter to the Gentleman concerned; though there are
some

some People, nearly allied to him, who might save her that Trouble; our Apologist being not the *only Person who heard them read.*

The *Esquire* himself it is beneath her to answer, till he proves in Print, or rather attempts to prove, that she has set forth one single Falshood; for what he says, we regard as only mere Coffee-house Prate. We know he has Impudence enough for any thing; but we also know, he has too much Cunning to come to Explanations with our Apologist, who is so well acquainted with his private History, *he knows she can put the Rope about his Neck, whenever she pleases;* and though she did not think it worth while to follow him into any other Particular than what immediately concerned herself, a little more provoked, — *and our Readers shall see the comic Scenes this Spider's Nest has been productive of.*

N. B. These Scenes, above hinted at, contain nothing relating to the Scheme of his *Northern Embassy*, or his *Plan of Politics at home.*

ONCE

ONCE again we return to our principal Matter : The Reader will please to remember we parted from Mr. M——n in the last Number, having just been defeated in his Attempts to prevent her suing him in the Court of *Chancery* for her separate Maintenance, at the same Time that she was endeavouring to set aside the Sentence he had obtained against her in *Doctors Commons* : And she accordingly brought a Bill in *Chancery* against him.

But while this was doing, the Clamour ran so high against Mrs. *Muilman*, it was with Difficulty she could find a Clerk in Court, who would venture to be concerned for her ; so artfully had Mr. M——n and his Emissaries managed to turn the Torrent of Prejudice against her ; and aided by so public a Transaction as her being sent to Jail, Mr. M——n gave out, and it was generally believed, she was committed for Perjury ; or Crimes, if possible,

possible, of a blacker Nature ; and consequently People were so prepossessed against her, any thing she could say was regarded as so much Air.

In this unhappy Situation, distracted to find out some Method of vindicating her Character, it was the Advice of all her Friends in general (for, even in those Days of Persecution, she had Friends, untainted by the polluted Breath of Falshood and Detraction) that she should immediately print her Case.

This she resolved instantly to set about : But, as the particular Circumstance that raised this Clamour against her was a Proceeding that had been before the several Courts of Justice, she was advised to apply regularly for Leave.

To this End, she first waited upon Lord Chancellor *Talbot* ; and, having sent in her Name, his Lordship was pleased to admit her immediately ; and with the courteous Affability and Goodness so natural to that truly great Man, asked her, What were her Commands ?

Mrs. *Muilman* replied, that her Business was to entreat the Favour of his Lordship to give her Leave to print that Part of the Proceedings between her and Mr. *M——n*,
which

which had come before his Lordship in the Court of Chancery.

To be sure, replied, his Lordship, you shall have my Leave: *God forbid*, continued he, *that any Suitor should bring a Cause before me, I should refuse or be afraid to give them the Liberty to let the Public have the Perusal of.*

Upon this his Lordship rung the Bell, and ordered a Gentleman who attended to write his Permission, which he was pleased to dictate himself, and, after signing, gave to her; telling her, in the most obliging Terms, he sincerely wished it might answer every good End she proposed by it. This Permission is now in the Hands of Mrs. Muilman.

Thus far successful, the same Chair carried her to another great Man in the Law, whose Consent was absolutely necessary.

When she arrived at his Chambers, she sent in one of the Clerks to let his L—— know she begged the Favour to speak to him.

The Clerk returned, with Orders that she should send in her Business; which she not choosing to do, the great Man said, *Well, ——— bid her come in;* and she obeyed.

His

His L—— turning about to her, said, *Well, Madam, what do you want ?* Want, my L——, says she, nothing from your L——, only to beg the Favour of you to give leave, that I may print the Proceedings lately had before you, between me and Mr. M——n.

What Effect the Request had upon this *great Man*, she knows not ; but he, who had before scarce deigned to look upon her, turned, and, with an assumed Air of Affability, called one of the Clerks, *to set Mrs. Muilman a Chair !*

The Reader will perceive the Stile of this *great Man* was now changed from the menacing to the persuasive : *The long Claw of Justice* was out of the Question : The Business was to persuade, and the Language was therefore suited to the Occasion. To which End, the Flattery that was imagined would be most successful was made use of ; and addressing himself to her with a Smile, said :

“ Mrs. *Muilman*, you are, it must be confessed, a *Woman of incomparable good Understanding ; indeed, in my Opinion, far beyond any of your Sex* : And I make no doubt but you weigh well the Advantages you propose by the Thing you mention ; though, for my Part, I really cannot perceive

ceive any sort of Use the Printing it will be to you : *I am Sorry the Thing was carried to such a Length* ; and it is a great Pity some Friend to both does not endeavour to compromise Matters between you."

That could not be a very easy Thing done, my ———, replied she ; *for I should always insist upon Mr. M———'s being hanged, as the first Preliminary Article* : There is no other Recompence that I know of, that can put us upon an Equality, for my being twice sent to Jail.

" Mrs. Muilman, replied his ———, you are angry ———"

Very likely, my ———, returned she ; I may not have subdued my Passions to that complaisant Degree, necessary for the Dissimulation of my Resentment, when I bring to my Memory such ignominious, unjust Treatment.

" I would have you however consider the Thing, continued his ——— ; and my Advice is, that you should by no means print it."

My ———, answered she, before I resolved to give you this Trouble, I have taken the Opinion of those I shall always be guided by. It was not for Advice I waited on your ——— ; I am already determined, and only wait your
Authority

Authority to put my Resolution in Execution.

“ I should look for no further Reason from any other Woman, answered he, than that they willed to do a Thing, right or wrong ; but I know you have too much Sense to do any Thing you can reap no Advantage by.”

I have at least Discernment enough, replied she, my ———, to perceive you are not disposed to oblige me in the Permission I have requested ; and since that is the Case, it would be to little Purpose to trouble your ——— with any Reasons for desiring it.

“ Whatever they are, Madam, says he, the Thing does not depend upon me ; *I must consult the rest of my Brothers* upon this Affair, before I can take upon me to grant or refuse your Request.”

I cannot tell how that may be, my ———, replied she ; but I do not remember when I was summoned here in *August* last, that I saw any of *your Brothers* (except Serjeant *Darnell*) neither do I believe any of them were consulted in the Transaction I want Leave to print ; and I should think the Authority you were vested with in That, might justify you in This ; since nobody has a Right to complain of it but yourself.

“ You

"You are mistaken, Madam, returned his —, such a Thing would be out of all Manner of Form: Besides, Printing the particular Transaction in our Court can give the Public but little Satisfaction, unless you could obtain the same Leave from the other Courts you are before, which you may take my Word, you will not find it an-easy Matter to do, especially in the Court of *Chancery*: I believe my Lord Chancellor would not be greatly pleased, that any one should presume to print a Transaction that is before that Court; and let me tell you, it is not so safe as People imagine, to draw the *Anger of Courts of Justice* upon them."

Alas! my —, answered she, how lately have I experienced the Truth of what you say? Though, at the same Time, that Experience has given me such a Trial of my own Fortitude, I am not easily terrified: But this also I have Reason to know, Power is only terrible in Hands that make use of it to do Acts of Injustice and Oppression; and they who have Occasion to apply to my Lord Chancellor, have none of these to dread; but are as sure (if their Petition be just and equitable) to have it granted as I have had.

"Why,

“ Why ! have you got it ? ” demanded this *great Man* with infinite Surprize.

Yes, my —, replied she, and was dismissed with an Answer that ought to be made a Record of in golden Characters, and hung in every Court of Justice in *England*:

“ *God forbid. I should restrain any body from complaining of their Oppressions in Print,* ” &c.

said that good and great Man, and gave me this Permission ; presenting the Paper signed by Lord Chancellor *Talbot* to his —, which, having read, he returned to her, and told her, “ Every body knew best for themselves what they had to do ; but, for his Part, he could give her no such Permission till he had *consulted with the rest of his Brothers.* ”

With this Answer, Mrs. *Muilman* was dismissed ; but whether or no such Consultation was ever had, is impossible for us to inform our Readers : This we can assure them, we were not called to it ; neither have we been informed of the Result of their Deliberations to this Day.

The Readers will perceive how differently interesting both the Conversations were, which our Apologist had with this *great Man*. She was so well apprized she should

should one Day have Occasion to mention them, the very Days they severally happened she put the Contents into Writing, that not a Sentence might be varied by depending upon Memory.

These have been the principal Reasons why the Narrative of this whole Transaction has not appeared many Years ago: However, we have at last taken Courage, and presumed, under all these Disadvantages, to present this Narrative to the World, urged by the Unhappiness of her Circumstances, and the repeated Cruelties that have been heaped upon her: And our Readers will be less surprized, that a Woman who has led such a gay Life, should think of preserving Materials to compile it, when they are told it has always been her Intention to make it public. Though notwithstanding, common Justice to her own Character ought to have excited her to it in the strongest Manner; yet such was her Apprehensions of making any new Eclat in the World, she appeals to Mr. M———n, himself, if she did not offer to retire into a Convent for Life, provided he would only give his Word to make so small an Addition to the little she had, as 50 l. a Year.

Here

Here we must leave him for some Time, for this brings us to the Year 1738; when Fortune was so much his Friend, as to find out the only Expedient that could possibly give him a Breathing-Time, after near ten Years Law. The Day was now come, when the Thoughts of Fortune, Fame, Revenge, all subsided; the World was to be given up for that tyrannic Passion, Love!

But as we presume our Readers will be more pleased, we shall give Place to this particular Part of her History uninterrupted by other Matters; we purpose that shall be the Subject of our next Number: After which, we shall return to our Hero and conclude; reserving the latter Part of this Book for some future Account of her Hardships, by the strange Machinations of the Law; and also for the promised Copies of Affidavits and other Proceedings, &c. as an Appendix to the Whole.

THOUGH

THOUGH the Storms of our Apologist's Fortune seemed now to wear a milder Aspect, yet she cannot help trembling when she looks back on the dreadful Scene; nor in all the fair Weather Voyages of Love through which we have followed her, does she pretend to say, however the Passions of Youth might have blinded her, in all that Heyday of Life, she ever enjoyed one Hour she could wish to live over again.

And if this Assertion wants Credit, let it be considered, how much oftener she was the *chosen Object of that Passion than the Chooser*, and we believe a great deal of the Reader's Wonder will subside; for among the various Passions in Female Nature, Love is not always the principal one to which their Views are directed: How many more Instances of Fair Ones may we remember, who have fallen Victims to their Interest, their Pride, their Vanity, their Credulity, their Revenge, &c. than

to that rare and honest Simplicity of a mutual Inclination? And unless a Woman be endued with an uncommon Share of Understanding and Prudence, she inevitably becomes a Sacrifice to some of these.

Is it then to be wondered, that our Apologist, who confesses herself to be one of the most frail Instances of Female Weakness, should be so long in the World before she became acquainted with the real Passion of Love? There are so many Affections which nearly resemble it, we are not surprized, that either Sex are so frequently mistaken in the Malady by the Symptoms.

We admit her Affair with *Tartufe* approached the nearest Love of any she imagined to be so; and very possibly had she met with more honourable Treatment, it might have proved so: However, that her History may not be overloaded with continual Complaints of Injuries, we shall anon beg Leave to introduce a Gentleman (still living) who has made her some Atonement for the Ingratitude, Folly, Falshood, &c. with which she has been treated by the rest of his Sex.

But not to make too licentious a Boast of a Happiness, which she confesses was
founded

founded at best on a criminal Passion, she is still forced to turn her Eyes inward and acknowledge, that where Virtue lays not the Foundation, no vain Superstructure of Nature's gayest and most flattering Wishes can be laudable or lasting. We admit Virtue to be always a Woman's best Guard and Protection; though we do not hear the Secret has ever yet been found, how they may be always secure of that.

This may be remarked in many a spotless Lady, who has advanced into Life with the glittering Equipage of Chastity and Reputation, yet with these, and the Advantages of a fine Education, has not been able to preserve the same Purity she set out with; and though we could give many Instances of this puny Virtue in the great World, yet our Apologist does not chuse to depreciate or say any thing to the Disadvantage of People of Condition, unless her own Vindication exacts and justifies it.

From many Instances therefore of this Female Frailty, called by the mistaken Name of Love, we shall only take the Liberty to offer one from *common* Life; where Truth too will be less intimidated than it might otherwise be by that formidable

midable Privilege, called *Scandalum Magnatum*.

If the unaccountable Amazement the following Narration may possibly raise, should draw its Credit into Question, we can only answer, that our Apologist avers, she knew the young Woman who had so great a Share in it; and those Facts which she could not be herself a Witness of, she has had from Persons of Credit who were intimate with both the Families.

Without further Preface then this is the Story.

THERE is a young Creature (for she still lives) who was the Daughter of a Surgeon, a Man of an exceeding good Character and in great Business, at a Village at a small Distance from *London*.

The next Door to them lived a Widow-Lady; whose Husband had been Captain of a Man of War.

These Families had each of them several Children. So near a Neighbourhood naturally brought on an Acquaintance, and the Children of both (as in most Country-Villages there is but one good School) were of Course educated together.

One of the Daughters of the Surgeon was Miss *Peggy*, and is the young Creature

ture whose Story we are going to relate. Of the Widow's Family, there were three Son's; the eldest of whom, Master *Charles*, was about two Years older than *Peggy*; and thus being bred up together, the Familiarity and Friendship that subsisted between the Families, was naturally imitated by the Children.

In this Harmony they lived, till *Charles* and *Peggy* drew near Man and Woman's Estate; to which, as she approached, her youthful Beauties opened into something more than common Attractions. She was for Stature the tallest of the middle Size; most perfectly shaped; a Complexion fair as Alabaster; her Features regularly delicate; her Hair full and flowing, and of the brightest Chesnut; she was a Girl of a most piercing lively Wit, and a gay good-natured Disposition.

A young Creature with these Accomplishments, it may be imagined, bore the *Belle* in the Village where she lived.

Charles too had his personal Merits: He was tall, well-shaped, and genteel; his Complexion, though inclining to the Olive, gave a manly Cast to his Features, which were still heightened by the Sprightliness and Fire of his Eyes; his Hair curled naturally, and was of the darkest brown;

his Temper too had all the resembling Liveliness and Gaiety of *Peggy's*.

No Wonder then, if from so long and infant Intimacy, there should arise an habitual Regard and Partiality between these two for each other; of which the Symptoms were visible to the Neighbourhood, as well as to their Companions of Pleasure, though these two Innocents themselves seemed to be scarce sensible to what the unusual Sympathy they found in their Souls for each other tended.

In this seeming happy State of Innocence they lived till *Charles* was near seventeen Years of Age; when it was thought proper, for his future Advancement in the World, he should go to Sea.

And now all Things were prepared for his Voyage, on board a Ship which was commanded by his Uncle. Poor *Peggy* received the News of his intended Departure with Emotions she very little understood the Meaning of; and nothing further appeared, than the usual Uneasiness that is common to young People, who have been bred up together, upon their being separated.

The Time of his Embarkation being come, he went to take Leave of his favourite *Peggy* and her Family; and bid them

them adieu with great Gaiety and good Humour, reserving his last Compliments for *Peggy*, whom he tenderly embraced, and seemed to have so much to say, his Heart was too full to give it Utterance; but withdrew without being able to open his Lips to her, and with such a visible Emotion, that every body took Notice of it.

From that Moment he was looked upon as her Lover; which, taking Air among her Companions, she was continually teased and rallied about her *Sweet-heart*.

But little did these wanton Triflers imagine how deeply the Heart of the poor unhappy *Peggy* was concerned in their childish Ridicule; for, alas! *Charles* had not been gone a Month, before a visible Alteration in her greatly alarmed the Family; and, to all Appearance, there was no less to be apprehended than her soon falling into a Consumption.

In this melancholy Condition the poor Girl continued for several Months, without any one being able to find out her Disorder.

From that beautiful Freshness, for which she was before so remarkable, she became pale, wan, and heavy-eyed:

Her Gaiety and Sprightliness were turned into a deep settled Melancholy; she would never move, by her own Will, from the Chair she first set down on for a whole Day together; nor speak one Word, unless they forced it from her, and that never more than *Yes-- or No --*

It was with the greatest Difficulty, Persuasions, and even Threats, they could induce her to eat any thing; and then it was so little, that, together with a continual Hectic Fever upon her, she was in Twelve Months Time worn to a Skeleton.

At last, her Disorder, increasing, turned to a confirmed Madness; and though it cannot be supposed but she must have been very sensible of the Cause of her Disorder, yet she could never, by any Means they could contrive, be brought to reveal the Secret, even to her dearest Friends and Relations, or to throw out the most distant Hint by which they might guess at it.

In a Word, she was become the very miserable Image, which *Shakespeare* has so pathetically described :

——— *She never told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i' th' Bud,
Feed on her Damask Cheek: She pin'd in
Thought,*

*And with a green and yellow Melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a Monument, smiling
at Grief.*

Her poor disconsolate Parents were at last obliged to consent to her being put into a private Madhouse; and, which was most grievous to them, without being able to give the least Guess at the Cause of her Malady.

At length, the poor unhappy Creature was confined; where she continued above three years, till being given over by all the Physicians as incurable, her Parents were further persuaded to send her to *Bethlem*; where the Expence of her Maintenance would not only be lessened, but they had Hopes of her still being relieved, by the different Methods of treating her.

Accordingly she was removed thither; where, after having continued near Five Years, a ver yminute and trifling Accident discovered this long-concealed Cause of her Illness.

Some of her Companions who went to see her, carried her in a Paper a few Sweetmeats. The next Day, the Woman who had the Care of the Ward she was in, perceived on the Floor a Piece of Paper, with legible Letters, pricked through

with a Pin; in which, upon nearer Examination, she found the Words :

*Poor Charles ! — you are in your Grave,
or you have forgot your unhappy Peggy ;
but she will never forget you.*

This Paper the Woman took up, unseen by her; and as her Father used to come generally once a Week to see her, and always urgently recommended it to the Woman who took Care of her, to endeavour, if by any Means she could hear her speak, to get some Light into the Cause of her Melancholy; as soon as he came, the Woman gave him this Paper, which though unintelligible to her, was not so to the interested, disconsolate Father: He very well understood the Meaning of these melancholy Memento's of her Misery; and revolving in his Thoughts the Manner of the young Gentleman's taking his last Leave of her, and her immediate Indisposition from the Time of his Departure, he was convinced it must be the Effects of the most violent Passion of Love, which had bereft her thus of her Senses.

However, to confirm his present Belief, he was now resolved to try yet farther: Therefore he took Care that every Day
Pieces

Pieces of Paper should be dropt in the Room; which the poor distracted Creature never failed to make the same *sad Use of*, and almost in the same Words.

At last, they contrived to lay Pen and Ink in the Room; which the poor Soul still used to the same disconsolate Purpose.

There now no longer remained with him a Doubt of the Cause of his Child's Disorder: They attempted however to speak to her several Times about him; but it had such an Effect upon her, that it was not without the utmost Difficulty they could oblige her to eat for several Hours after: Therefore, they gave over the Mention of him; and every body who was suffered to see her, was forbid to speak of *Charles*.

In this Condition she continued for Eight Years; during all which Time *Charles* had been abroad, but at last returned to *England*, passed his Examination, and was made a Lieutenant.

But before the Cause of this poor Girl's Disorder was first discovered, *Charles's* Mother and her Family had removed from their old Neighbourhood into a remote Place in *Yorkshire*, where less Expence maintained them in greater Plenty; and, having

having no sort of Connexion or Call to the Village where *Peggy* had lived, *Charles* had no Thoughts of going thither; for Love had not so outrageously operated on his, as on her, Heart: Time, Business, and Absence had almost worn her Image from his Mind.

But Chance, which frequently brings Things about which our wisest-concerted Schemes fail in, at last conducted him to the Village where her Father lived; and, calling to his Remembrance the Days of Innocence and Pleasure he had once passed at that House, he could not go by it without inquiring after the Health of the Family.

Upon his Entrance he asked for the Father and the Mother, who received him, as a Stranger, very courteously; for he was grown absolutely out of their Memory.

However, upon his discovering himself, the amazed and melancholy Father embraced him with a Flood of Tears, arising possibly from the equal Pangs of Joy and Sorrow: But the softer-hearted Mother sunk at his Feet in a Swoon; out of which they could not bring her without Bleeding, and every necessary Application.

All

All this while the astonished *Charles*, quite ignorant whence this Calamity could arise, stood with a silent Consternation, nor durst he ask the Cause, lest it should aggravate the Distress they had fallen into.

At last, the Father having a little recovered himself, to relieve the Amazement of poor *Charles*, sighing, took him by the Hand, and, in a faltering Voice, said :

“ My dear Sir,----to behold the strange Emotions the so-much-wished-for Sight of you gives me, and my Family, may well surprize you; but when you shall know you are, though innocent, the Cause of our Sadness; and that to your long and fatal Absence I owe the Loss of a darling Daughter ————— Pray excuse me, Sir ”—

Here, with an averted Countenance, the poor Man, bursting again into Tears, was unable to proceed,

“ Good God! (cried *Charles*) keep me no longer in this strange Suspense :” Then turning to another Person who was more himself, “ You, Sir, I beg you (said *Charles*) tell me what I almost tremble to know.”

But to tire our Readers as little as possible, this third Person, who was intimately

mately acquainted with the Family, related the whole Story of this poor Girl's Misfortune. ——— The honest-hearted *Charles* listened to every one of the interesting Particulars, with that earnest Attention and Emotion which the various Passions visibly raised in the Breast of a good-natured young Man: Pity, Sorrow, and reviving Love, by Turns, distracted him. The soft Remembrances of the happy innocent Life he had passed with her, the mutual Kindness, the joyous Pastimes and rural Amusements they had heretofore been Partakers of, now again broke in upon his Mind, and with their former Power possessed him.

But when he considered how dearly his poor *Peggy* had paid for their innocent Intimacy, and into what deplorable Condition it had thrown her, all these pleasing Ideas were dashed and darkened by an inconsolable Sorrow.

At length, as he had a Heart whose Goodness inclined him to make the Misery of his Friends his own, he could not bear the Thoughts of poor *Peggy's* Condition, without rousing his whole Soul to comfort and relieve her; and gathering all his Fortitude together, after an unquiet Pause, wiping

wiping from his Eyes the Tears of Pity that had, almost unknown to him, fallen, he turned to the dejected and still weeping Father, and, with his natural Vivacity, said,

“ Come, Sir, I beg you would be comforted ; if any thing within the Reach of my Life or Power can aid her——Oh ! Sir, had I but your Leave to see her” .---

The poor old Man, not displeased with the Proposal, nor conceiving that the Sight of her could properly be refused to one so particularly concerned in her Distress, instantly wrote a Note for him to the Hospital, which would give him the Permission he desired.

After this affecting Interview was ended, Charles, in a disconsolate Manner, took his Leave and went home ; where it may be imagined, he passed the Night in all those restless Perturbations of Mind such a Conversation must naturally have thrown him into : Therefore with the earliest Day he got up, and hastened to the melancholy Cell of his unhappy Peggy.

Having delivered the Note of his Permission, he was, in the Presence of her Female Keeper, admitted : But alas ! how ghastly was the Object ! Easier by far to be imagined than described !

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The Phantom (for so she seemed) regardless and immoveable, supporting with her Hands on her Knees her feeble Body, sat, with her Eyes fixed on the Ground, without Word or Sigh that shewed the least Sense of Life in her, or Sign that she perceived their Approach.

Though *Charles* had endeavoured to fortify himself with all the Courage he could summon together, yet, at a Sight of such unutterable Woe, his Spirits quite forsook him, and, unable to move forwards, he sunk against the Wall for Support, almost senseless with the Agony of Grief.

The poor Lunatic all this while, not having the least Heed or Sense of what was near her, continued in the same fixed and moping Attitude.

Charles at length recovering some Resolution, gently placed himself, kneeling, at her Feet, and, in a low and plaintive Voice, called her by her Name.

The penetrating Sound coming in an Instant to her Remembrance, like a sudden Spark of Fire seemed to give an Explosion to her whole animal System, which blazed in Blushes all over her Face.

Again he spoke, and said, “ *Peggy* — my dearest *Peggy*! — do you know me?”

At

At this she started from her Seat, and held him with extended Arms at a Distance, gazing as though she would have looked him through.

Charles, who imagined he perceived Tenderneſs accompany her natural Amazement, continued beſeeching her ; “ Oh, ſpeak ! my Deareſt (ſaid he) anſwer me, I conjure you ; do you know me ? ”

“ *Yes !* (replied ſhe, with incredible Quickneſs) *I know you very well — you are Charles !* ” --- and fetched a deep Sigh.

“ Oh, my poor unhappy *Peggy !* (cried he, eagerly ſnatching her Hand, on which he ſhed a Number of Tears) what can I do for you ? --- Oh Heavens ! how wretched am I ! what Miſery do I feel ! --- my poor Girl ! ” ---

This Tenderneſs in *Charles's* Heart produced a favourable Symptom in her's, that in the ſeveral Years of her Confinement had never once relieved her ; for, upon his embracing her, a Shower of Tears fell from her Eyes, that exceeded all the Eloquence of Paſſion Love ever found a Tongue to expreſs.

The reſt of their tender Converſation we leave to the Imagination of our Readers : But, as no Sentiments can be more affecting than thoſe which flow from the plainest .

plainest Simplicity of Heart, we must beg Leave still to recite one only, which this timorous Creature, with Eyes in which all the softest Languishments of the Soul were painted, after their Storm of Sighs and Tears had a little abated, with a feeble faltering Accent, said to her Lover : *Ab, dear Charles ! will you——will you ever come to see me again ?* looking upon him as though she were taking an eternal Farewel.

“ Come to see thee, my Love! (replied he) why I could not live from thee: I will not only come again, but I will never, by my own Consent, be an Hour from you ; nay, if you will promise me to be comforted, to chear up your Spirits, and do all in your Power to be well, and then consent to be my Wife, I will take you from this dismal Place, and marry you :——We will go home again to your Father’s, and be happy.”

At these Words she turned to him with a Countenance quite composed, and said : *Will you indeed !---will you do this, Charles !---* and, with a Sigh that one would imagine had rent her whole Frame, added, *then I shall be well.——*

Charles gave her a thousand Assurances that he would sacrifice even Life to her Happiness ;

Happiness; protesting, that nothing on Earth could give him a Thought of Comfort, but the Hopes of her Recovery; and it being Time for him now to retire, he took his Leave.

There was a visible Reluctance in the Eyes of the dejected Maid at their parting, which was no unpleasing Discovery to the enamoured *Charles*; enamoured, we call him; for it is certain he was now become as much in Love with her Distresses, as he had heretofore been with her Innocence and Beauty.

He passed this Night therefore very differently from the former: His Ruminations were of a softer Kind; he flattered himself he saw such strong Appearances of Reason in her Behaviour and Discourse, that left him not without Hopes his dear *Peggy* was recoverable. All the Charms he remembered her to have had before they first parted, he thought he now beheld returning to their full Bloom; which her Distresses served to endear and heighten to his Imagination.

Thus wrapped in Contemplation, captivated with the Ideas of his hoped-for Happiness, his wearied Eyes found but little Rest; but watching for Day-light,
the

the Moment it appeared, he rose from his Bed, dressed and went to the Hospital; where, inquiring after her Health, he was informed, she had cried for several Hours after his Departure, which nobody endeavoured to dissuade her from.

After this Relief of Tears she became more calm, and eat what was brought to her while her Guard stayed by her in the Room, which was a thing she had never done before, and spoke several Times of indifferent Matters to her; --- begged the Woman would come to her early in the Morning, and bring her clean Cloaths, and what other Necessaries she might want; which were more Words than she had been heard to utter in six Years before.

It may be easily imagined with what Pleasure the transported *Charles* heard this favourable Account of his now-beloved intended Wife.

When he entered the Room, a rising Blush, and Eyes sparkling with Joy, welcomed him. Approaching her with an Air full of Respect and Tenderness, he inquired how she had rested; to which she made him the most pertinent Answer.

He stayed the whole Day with her, and dined in her Cell; during all which Time
she

she never forgot herself, even for a Moment; but conversed with him all the Day with a modest Reserve and becoming Decency, like one who had never been disordered; and now-and-then, when she caught *Charles's* Eyes looking round her dismal Lodging, would say something to divert him from it.

At length, when it was Time for him to retire, with Eyes most languishingly tender, she repeated her Doubts of the former Day, and asked him, *Would he ever come again?*

He gave her all the Assurances in his Power that he would, and begged she would set her Mind at Ease; for that, unless prevented by Sickneſs which confined him to his Bed, nothing should prevent his seeing her.

Satisfied at this Answer, she parted with him, seemingly contented; and in this kind of Intercourse they passed above two Months.

Whether this sudden Change gave the disconsolate Parents, or the transported *Charles*, most Joy, is hard to say.--- She had lost every Symptom of her Disorder from the first Moment she saw her Lover, and not only every Day recovered her Health, but Beauty also.

It was therefore now thought proper to remove her from her loathsome Cell to a more commodious Apartment, and that she should be permitted to take the Air; the faithful *Charles* never passed a Day without attending her.

To conclude; she being now to all Appearance intirely restored to her Senses, her Father petitioned for her Discharge, and thanked the House for their extraordinary Care of his Child.

It seems, there is a Form in that Hospital, that expresly forbids any Patient, who has been received upon the Foundation, being discharged, till six Weeks after the Doctors have signed their Certificate of Sanity of Mind. Therefore she was obliged to perform that Quarantine before she could be at Liberty to return.

In the mean Time, Preparations were made for their Marriage; which, soon after her Discharge, was solemnized; for the honest, faithful *Charles* never wavered from his first Resolution.

Now was that House, that for above eight long Years had been one continued Scene of Sorrow, become the Habitation of Joy and Gladness: Every one who lived near, or were of their Acquaintance, came to felicitate the transported Parents
and

and happy Couple ; whose Joys were now complete.

Nor is it easy to conceive, that any young Persons ever came together with more favourable Appearance of reaping those Fruits of the matrimonial Union, which one would expect must necessarily follow so pure and innocent a Passion. But, alas ! Purity and Innocence are but the same carnal Coverings that gloss over every Vice and Evil, and are liable to the same Accidents, the same Frailties, and the same miserable Misconduct ; unless where Virtue, Prudence, and a happy Education, hold the Reins, and guide them safe from those Precipices they might (if only led by the Passions our unruly Natures are prone to) tumble from.

There are very few young Girls whose Hearts perceive the first Approaches of Love, without Fear, Shame, and a plaintive Sorrow ; and these ought always to be the Objects of Compassion ; especially, where they have Nature only for their Conductor, and have not had the necessary Advantages of Education, by which not only Chastity, but every other Virtue, is acquired and preserved.

This being the only safe and sure Guard to Beauty and Innocence, how much ought
it

it to be attended to ! for to the early Impressions that are stamped in a young Girl's Mind, she owes all her future Happiness.

But as this requisite Education had not been bestowed upon our *Heroine in Question*, the calamitous Conclusion of her Story will evince the Usefulness of what we recommend ; because the Want of that is the only Reason we can find out in Nature to account for her Fall.

Thus much we have been forced to premise, that the following Surprise might not strike with too much Horror upon the Imagination of our Readers. But to proceed.

The only Thing that could add to the first ten Month's Happiness of this distinguished Couple, was, that the beloved Spouse of *Charles* brought him a Son.

At this Juncture however it happened, that the Mother of *Charles* died in *Yorkshire*, and as he was the eldest Son, and there were some valuable Effects in the Family, it was thought advisable he should take a Journey thither, as well for his own particular Interest, as to take Care and dispose of the rest of the Children. He therefore made Choice of the Time his Wife lay in for this Expedition,

dition, on which he was absent about six Weeks.

His Stay was shorter than he at first intended having, for two or three Nights, been intolerably disturbed in his Sleep, by the most frightful Dreams of his Wife, which happening to him for several Nights together, so oppressed his Spirits he was resolved to delay no longer his Return : For though he had nothing to apprehend from the Letters he received almost every Post, yet the Dread that his Absence might be the Cause of any Relapse into her former Phrensy, gave him inexpressible Uneasiness ; and with this Perturbation of Mind he returned.

We do not take upon us to examine what there may, or may not be, in Dreams ; but this being a Fact, we are obliged to relate it.

Charles then being come within ten Miles of *London*, very late, in a dismal dark rainy Evening, he was prevailed upon by the People of the Inn where he baited, and who knew him, to stay there that Night ; and having supped, he retired to Bed, resolving to set out in the Morning with the Day-break.

There was no Occasion to call him, or Fear of his not waking ; for the same

frightful Visions that had haunted his sleeping Thoughts for several Nights before, still continued to disturb him.

At Day-break he arose, "*as from Unrest,*" got on Horseback, and by Six he was at his Father's; where, in the very Instant he arrived, the Maid, who was just got up, was opening the Window-shutters.

The impatient *Charles* eagerly inquired after the Health of his dearest Wife and her little Son, and hearing they were both perfectly well, he would not let the Maid go up to carry the glad Tidings of his Return, but was resolved to be himself the welcome Messenger.

With a Heart then full of Joy and Tenderness he stole up softly to her Chamber for fear of awaking her into too great a Surprise, and opening the Door crept to her Bedside, and gently pulling aside the Curtains to feast his eager Eyes upon her sleeping Beauties, saw——good Heavens! —— what? —— not his dearest Wife dead of an Apoplectic Fit; but, alas! an Object more distracting; — he saw——he saw——her fast and soundly sleeping, with one Arm carelessly thrown over the Bosom of her Father's Journey-

man;

man; who, having forgot himself, lay sweetly slumbering by her Side.

And this coarse Creature (for he was ruggedly featured) had this *pinning Turtle* cholen that very Night to chace away the inconsolable Hours she felt during the Absence of the inestimable *Charles*.

But here let the Picture paint itself: How dreadful must be the Horror and Consternation of the poor, amazed, distracted Husband, will be best felt in the proportionable Warmth of our Reader's Imagination! No wonder if the Agony this Sight threw him into took from him all Power of Speech or Resolution, or that Nature, in a convulsive Start, threw him from the Bedside; for down the Stairs he ran, oversetting every Obstacle in his Way, without uttering one Word to signify the Occasion of his Precipitation.

Here we imagine the Astonishment of our Reader may reasonably force him to throw down the Book, and for a-while relieve himself with his own Reflections: The Subject we confess is uncommon, but the Truth of it we hope will excuse our taking the Liberty of asking him this farther Question, *viz.*

Whether he does not think, that if this Fact had happened in the Time of the

Roman Satyrift, the Frailty of our *young Country Lady* had not been preferred to the lefs amazing Story of his *Ephesian Matron*?

From the Levity of this extraordinary Woman, we hope will be evinced the Truth of our former Affertion, that *there are Affections which fo nearly refemble Love in their Symptoms, it is an Impossibility to guefs at their Truth but by their Confequences.* If a Paflion which totally divests a Woman of her Senses, is found to have no Reality, what are the Proofs by which we may know it? For we believe it will be readily admitted, a Wife, who, in the first short Abfence from fo tender a Husband, and under the foregoing *affecting generous Circumstances*, could take another Man to her Bed, could never have really loved. There is no Paflion deferving that Name, by which the Soul is understood to be captivated, but must have its Foundation in Reason: We must have Cause to believe the Object of our Affection has Truth, Honour, Goodness of Heart, and every Virtue requisite to form an amiable Character; and according to the Degree of Perfection in the Person we like, by that Measure only ought we, or can we, love; but fuch Objects being
rarely

rarely found, and still seldomer paired, no Wonder there are but few Instances of that *pure, unpolluted, and disinterested Passion.*

The Reader may still possibly be curious to know the Catastrophe of this once more unfortunate Family.

Poor *Charles* then, unknowing where he strayed, walked on to *London*, and went directly to a Friend's House; where complaining he was indisposed, without saying from whence he had come, or what had occasioned his Disorder, was put to Bed, and in a few Hours seized with a violent Fever.

His Friends asked him several Times, whether they should dispatch a Messenger to his Wife and Father, which he as often refused; and at last told them the whole Story, even so minutely as to mention his tormenting Dreams; and it was from these very People our Apologist came to the Knowledge of it, and at whose House she saw *the very unhappy Peggy.*

His Friends said all they could to comfort him, but in vain; he answered them, he was very sure it would be his Death: And his Distemper increasing, the next Day he grew so very ill that the Apothecary

the cary they had sent for said, he could not live ; they dispatched a Messenger to his Father, who found the Family in the greatest Consternation, at hearing from the Maid-Servant he had been seen to go up to his Wife's Chamber, and had so suddenly disappeared ; though had not the Horse been in the Stable which brought him Home, the poor honest Father would have believed it was his Ghost.

The Wife and her Gallant indeed pretty well knew the Cause, but they had Cunning enough to keep their own Secret.

At last the Messenger's coming to the Father, gave new Alarms : The poor old Man got on Horseback, and taking no Notice to his Daughter, but that her Husband was slightly indisposed, for Fear of alarming her, went directly to *London* ; where he found his Son within Half an Hour of his Death, and so delirious that he did not know him ; and all that he could collect by the broken Complaints he heard him utter, was, *my Wife—my dearest Creature, Peggy! — who are you? — what is that Wretch that lies in your Arms? —* with these, and such like Heart-breaking Exclamations, in a few Minutes he expired.

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The poor honest Father, who loved beyond Expression the unhappy *Charles*, was almost distracted, and the People of the House, who were his intimate Friends, were very little in a Condition to give him Consolation; but hearing him lament his poor Daughter, for the Grief and Misery this would inevitably bring upon her, the Woman of the House, who was a distant Relation to *Charles*, and not of the mildest Disposition, broke out into the bitterest Complaints against his Wife, and without much Ceremony told the Father the whole Story: — An Indiscretion, quite unseasonable; for the poor old Man was already almost broken hearted; and this abrupt Discovery it was to be feared, would be such a Shock to him it might in all human Probability be the Cause of his Death.

Great as his Grief was for the poor dead young Man, the Story this Gentlewoman told him, turned him all to Attention and Amazement: *Oh Heavens!* (cried the poor afflicted Father) *to what unheard-of Misery am I still reserved?* Then looking upon the Corpse that lay upon the Bed by him; — *No matter, my dear Son* (says he) *these Hands shall do you Justice; I will make a severe Example of her*

with her Blood ——— she shall make Atonement for your Death.

Then arising from his Chair, with a Wildness in which Madness and Despair were strongly painted, he begged the People of the House would send for an Undertaker, and see that every Thing was prepared for a decent Funeral, and immediately took Horse to return home.

But his Daughter and her Lover, very well knowing what sort of Treatment they were to expect upon the Discovery they apprehended would be made by poor Charles, were escaped from the House; for the sudden Start this poor distracted Husband gave from his Wife's Bedside had awakened the Lovers: The Wife had made no Confidants, but hearing from the Maid it was her Husband who went down Stairs, it was natural to imagine what would be the Result of the Father and the Husband's Conversation.

Never was Consternation equal to this poor Man's when he found his Daughter and her Gallant fled: The Father took to his Bed in three Days after his Return home from the Son's Funeral, from whence he never rose.

His Daughter's first Misfortune sat very heavy at his Heart, but this last he
never

never recovered: Therefore, Excess of Grief, with the Infirmities of old Age, soon ended his Life, and before that Day Month one Grave received Son and Father.

The sad Catastrophe was now worked up to a Height beyond human Bearing; but Death put a Period to all their Afflictions; — all but the miserable Wife, whose deplorable Situation our Readers will easily conclude.

*Oh! — what a falling-off was there
From him, whose Love was of that Dignity;
That it went hand in hand even with the Vow
He made to her in Marriage? and to decline
Upon a Wretch, whose natural Gifts were poor
To those of his! — but Virtue, as it never
will be mov'd
Tho' Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heav'n;
So Vice, tho' to a radiant Angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial Bed,
And prey on Garbage.*

HAMLET:

The Reader, we hope, will forgive our intruding upon his Patience, by the Length of this Narration; but it is attended with so amazing an Event, we believe few in History equals it; and the
more

more interesting, as it is no Tale dress'd up, but a real Fact, which, we hope, will be still a further Recommendation: And as we have, by Promise, confined ourselves to a Subject (Love) that is generally treated with the utmost Art, we have presumed to leave the beaten Path, and endeavoured to search into Nature, that we may, if possible, find out what *is*, and what *is not*, Love; for we are quite certain, wherever the real Cause is found, the Effects will be still the same.

There yet remains much to be said on this subject, but as we have limited ourselves to a Conclusion in our Third Book, we are under a Necessity to return to her Story; and whether the Affection our Apologist confesses for the Person we are now going to introduce, comes under the Description of real Love, we must submit to our Readers.

Our Apologist, about this Time, made an Acquaintance with a Gentleman to whom we shall give the Name of *Worthy*: He is of an honourable antient Family; but his Father, having a large Estate in *Jamaica*, settled there some Years ago.

In this Place *Worthy* was born, but was sent to *England* for Education, and
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at a proper Age to the University at *Oxford*, where he continued near Seven Years, and at length returned to *Jamaica*.

His Father, being still living, was, it may be imagined, extremely delighted at his Return, having the Pleasure to behold in a Son one of the most accomplished young Gentlemen in the World.

Worthy is near six Feet in Height; a graceful Figure, so finely limbed he seems designed by Nature for a Model, which copied, would equal any of the most celebrated antient Statues; his Complexion fair; his Eyes a dark blue, of a beautiful Lustre and Shape; his Features delicate, but not effeminate; his Hair a light brown; there is something about his Mouth when he speaks inexpressibly pleasing; his Voice, though masculine, is sweet.

Imagine this Form, adorned with every Accomplishment a fine Education could bestow upon a young Gentleman, who had all the Talents necessary for the improving them: He is of a most gentle and benevolent Temper, not easily moved to Passion; but when justly provoked, steady in his Resentment: He is generous to a Degree that renders him infinitely fonder
of.

of bestowing than receiving Favours. To crown the Whole, he has as much Truth and Honour as ever possessed the Soul of Man.

Blessed with these Accomplishments, no wonder his Father was fond of him to Excess; indeed to see him is to love him; and so general an Esteem of him ran through the whole Island, *Worthy* seemed the Favourite of every Man in it.

But this introduced him into so much Company, that with free Living, the Heat of the Country began to disagree with him exceedingly; and at last he was so ill, it was the Advice of the Physicians he should go immediately to a cold Climate.

But before he left the Island his Father settled two fine Estates upon him, though not one Third the Value of what he had still remaining, but enough to make him independent; and every thing was now prepared for his Departure.

But we should have premised to our Readers, on *Worthy's* first Return from *England*, he contracted a most intimate Acquaintance with Mr. *George Maskwell*, some time after Chief Justice of that Island, and a distant Relation of *Worthy's*.

They were always together, and looked upon to be the dearest Friends upon Earth;

Earth; therefore when he (*Worthy*) left the Island, he made *Maskwell* Trustee for his Estates; and there was no secret in the Breast of the honest *Worthy* he did not communicate to him. Old Mr. *Worthy*, some little time before, having married a second Wife, his Son entreated his Friend to be mindful of his Interest, for Fear his Father should be influenced by his Mother-in-Law to dispose of any of his Estates to her Children of a former Marriage; for she was a Widow when old Mr. *Worthy* married her.

All which he gave *Worthy* the most faithful Assurances he would observe; and every thing being settled to his Satisfaction, he embarked for *New England*; where after making some small Stay, he came over to *Old England*; and it was at this Time our Apologift began her Acquaintance with him.

If any thing can excuse her to the World, after the various Scenes of Unhappiness she had run through, and her Fortune still precarious, for abandoning her Pursuit against Mr. *M——n*, whereon her future Maintenance depended, and entering into an Engagement excited by no other Motive than the most violent Passion of Love, we hope the Picture we have given

given of the amiable *Worthy* will, if not wholly excuse, at least extenuate her Indiscretion.

A very small Time after their Acquaintance began, *Worthy* received Letters from his Father, positively commanding his Return; and from several other of his Friends, intimating, that old Mr. *Worthy* was in a very low State of Health, and that they apprehended *Maskwell* was playing a Game which would be very destructive to his Interest; and with several strong and repeated Assurances of his pretended Friend's Treachery and Baseness.

But *Worthy*, whose generous Soul was an absolute Stranger to Fraud or Falshood, would give no sort of Credit to the Remonstrances of his Friends; believing the Part they perceived *Maskwell* acting, to be only in Compliance with the Promises he had made him, to guard his Interest from the Designs that might be attempted by his Mother-in-Law and her Family in his Absence; and relying intirely upon the stedfast Friendship of *Maskwell*, who never missed an Opportunity of assuring him by Letter of his close Attachment to his Interest, he was
the

the less assiduous in his Preparations for his Return.

At length, however, he received some Letters from his Friends, which left him no longer Room to doubt, but that the perfidious *Maskwell* was acting the most traiterous Part by him, even so far as to circumvent and traduce the generous *Worthy* to his Father, who by Age and Infirmities was now become so perfectly childish, that this black-hearted Villain, taking Advantage of it, prevailed with the poor old Gentleman to disinherit his Son, and make a Deed of Settlement of the rest of his Estates upon this Sycophant and his Family.

Such a monstrous Breach of Friendship and Honour was so shocking to honest *Worthy*, it is hard to say, whether so fatal a Blow to his Interest, or the Perfidy of his pretended Friend, filled him with the greatest Horror.

The perfidious *Maskwell* did not live long enough to enjoy the Fruits of his Villainy, ———— cursed by the fraudulent Means by which it was acquired. ———— But his Death probably prevented his Punishment by the Hands of the injured *Worthy*; who has a Spirit incapable of brooking such monstrous Behaviour in a Man.

Man he had reposed so unreserved a Confidence.

But Matters being thus circumstanced, he sat about, in earnest, to prepare for his Voyage.

This Preparation was like a Death-Stroke to our Apologist, who could not figure to herself any Misfortune so terrible as a Separation from *Worby*; and to make Use of any Influence she might have over him to endeavour to detain him in *England*, must infallibly have ended in his Ruin.

From these Considerations their Separation becoming inevitable, all they had now to think of was to render it the least bitter; to which End, he said every thing that possibly could comfort her, by assuring her, as soon as he had settled his Affairs he would instantly return to *England*; but never mentioned a Syllable that tended to a Proposal of her going with him, or after him, to that Country; no doubt, imagining her's was an Affection so much of the modish kind, that the Moment he parted with her, he was to be forgot; and *Jamaica* not being a Country People chuse to make Tours of Pleasure to, he might think it would be rather too tender a Proof to put her Affection to the Trial of,

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to desire a Visit from her in the *West Indies*; therefore he never opened his Lips upon that Subject.

But her Thoughts were very different; for debating with herself, whether it was possible for her to live without him, she found nothing could reconcile her to the Thoughts of Life upon that Condition.

The Hazard of such a long and dangerous Voyage, the frightful Character she had of the Unhealthiness of the Island, the abandoning her Country, Friends, and Relations, were nothing when weighed in the Scale against a Separation from *Worthy*; and it was not long before she came to a Resolution, at all Events, to follow him in the first Ship that sail'd, which would be in about three Months; and the necessary Conveniencies Ladies want for such a Voyage could not be got ready sooner.

Therefore, bitter as the Pangs of Separation were sure to be, the Thought of seeing him in three or four Months at most, was a Consolation that fortified her with Resolution to submit patiently to an Evil that was unavoidable, and which otherwise would have been insupportable,

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The Evening after this Debate with herself, *Worthy* came to see her; and as their Conversation then chiefly turned upon his intended Voyage, she said to him,

“*Worthy*, what say you if I could bring myself to a Resolution to pay you a Visit in *Jamaica*?——Would you receive me?”

“Is that a Question to be asked now, my dearest Girl? replied he——I wish from my Soul you would put it to a Trial.”

“Why then, my dearest *Worthy* (returned she) you shall have your Wish; for I give you my Faith and Honour I will follow you; and if I am obliged to hire a Ship on Purpose, I will be on board by the last Week in *March* at farthest.” And the Time we are now speaking of, was the last Week in *December*.

Worthy embraced her very tenderly, and told her, with a Smile, a little Time then would give him a Proof of her Affection that would make him the happiest Man in the World: “But (continued he) my dear Girl, when I am gone, your Friends will lay so many Obstructions in your Way, they will inevitably prevent your coming, though your present Inclinations may lead you to attempt

a Voyage so hazardous and troublesome."

This was no other than the tender Artifices of a Lover, who was pleased to hear her repeat her Resolution in such Terms, that could leave him no Room to doubt the Performance of it.

The Time of the so-much-dreaded Separation was now come, under which all her Fortitude was scarce sufficient to support her; and in the Beginning of *January* he embarked at *Gravesend*.

Our Apologist, who little knew to what Degree Love had got Possession of her Soul, notwithstanding she was busied in Preparations to follow him, was quite inconsolable: She could not bear his Absence without the most exquisite Grief; and which at length so preyed upon her Spirits, that in three Days Time she took to her Bed with a slow lingering Fever, which Fretting, Want of Rest, and a total Loss of Appetite, had brought upon her.

Her Friends did all they could to divert and comfort her, and began by endeavouring to persuade her to forget the amiable *Worby*, and give over all Thoughts of a Voyage that was attended with so many Difficulties and Dangers.

To

To these Admonitions she would seldom answer ; and if she gave any, it was such only as served to convince them of her inflexible Resolution.

All the Comfort she seemed sensible of, was in the Morning to thank Providence there was another Day over, which drew her still nearer the Time of her Departure ; and finding no Possibility of reconciling her to the Thoughts of living without him, those of her Friends who had been most forward to dissuade her from her hasty Resolution, were now as zealous to encourage and assist her in the Preparations for her Departure.

Thus passed the Months of *January* and *February*, in which Time one might reasonably expect *Worthy* to be arrived at *Jamaica*, when, to her infinite Surprise, the Fourth of *March* a Letter was brought to her Bedside, which she soon discovered to be the Hand-Writing of her dear *Worthy* ; and, upon opening, found it dated from *Portsmouth*.

In this Letter he gave her an Account of their having been, for two Months, beating and tumbling in the Channel, detained by contrary Winds, and were at last forced to put into *Portsmouth* to take in Water and fresh Provisions.

Sick

Sick as she was, who had not been out of her Bed for four Days together the two last Months, she got up immediately, though it was Ten o'Clock at Night when the Letter was brought her.

Having ordered a Chaise and Six Horses to the Door, at One o'Clock in the Morning she got into it, and set forward to *Portsmouth*.

The Season of the Year was very severe and cold, the Snow up to the Horses Bellies, so that she did not reach *Guildford* till past Seven o'Clock, where having baited two Hours, she went on to *Godalmin*: But the Chaise keeping a slow Pace, when compared with her impatient Desire of seeing her dear *Worthy* once again before he set Sail, and the Fear that she was in that the Wind might come about fair, and he embark in a Moment, soon determined her to take Post-Horses at *Godalmin*; and having borrowed a Horseman's Coat, buttoned herself close up in it, and no Creature with her but the Post-Boy, went on to *Portsmouth*; where arriving about Four o'Clock in the Afternoon, she alighted from her Horse, and desired the People of the House to tell *Worthy*, who was in Company,

Company, there was one desired to speak with him.

When he came into the Room, and saw it was her, he was so surprized he was ready to drop down at her Feet; for as it was but the foregoing Day he had wrote to her at near fourscore Miles Distance, though he never doubted but she would come, the soonest he imagined that could be was two Days after, considering the excessive Badness of the Roads.

His Surprize was so great he was for several Minutes before he could recover himself so far as to be able to speak to her; and it was happy her Impatience got the better of all the Difficulties that most fine Ladies would have made, to perform such a Journey in that masculine Way, for the Morning the Wind came fair, and he was obliged to be on Board by Two o'Clock in the Afternoon; had she gone therefore in the Chaise, she would have arrived at *Portsmouth* about three Hours after they had sailed.

This Meeting was a most transporting one to both: He was overjoyed to find her immoveable in her Resolution to follow him, and she transported to perceive his Heart still the same and unalterable.

They

They had a great deal to say to each other, and but a small Time allowed for it ; but as she was within so few Days of her Departure, this last Separation was much more supportable than the former.

The Signal being given for their going on board, she walked down with him to the Beach, and so far commanded her Passions, as to be able to take Leave of him with great Resignation ; but when he was going to step into the Boat, he turned to her, and said,

“ Adieu, my dear Girl, I leave you now with my Heart and Soul content ; I have no longer the least Doubt of the strict Performance of your Promise.” And taking her by the Hand, turned to an *East-India* Captain, who stood upon the Beach, an Acquaintance of his, and who was also Wind-bound with about 500 other Ships, begged of him to conduct her to the Inn.

She staid at *Portsmouth* four Days, till there was no Probability of their putting back, and then returned to *London* ; where she found the Preparations for her Departure in great Forwardness ; and, having taken a Passage for herself and a Maid-Servant, on the 27th of *March* she embarked for *Jamaica*.

The

The Ship was called the *Constant*, and the Captain's Name *Phillips*.

Here was the plainest Demonstration that can be given, when real Love once gets Possession of the Mind all our lesser Miseries are intirely absorbed in it; for, from the Time of *Worthy's* Departure, every Friend she had in the World made Use of all their Power to dissuade her from such an Undertaking; and indeed there was one Obstacle she could not surmount without the sharpest Pangs of Grief, — the parting with an only Sister, with whom she had always lived in the greatest Tendernefs and Friendship; but, alas! when compared to the living without *Worthy*, every subordinate Consideration vanished.

The very Moment she went on board, they weighed Anchor: Every thing was ready, and they were immediately under Sail.

The Ship was large and handsome, *London-built*, of 400 Tons Burden, extremely neat, and had as good Accommodations as could be desired.

The Captain was turned of Fifty, a very gentleman-like Man, well behaved, sober, and good-natured; and kept as decent and proper an Œconomy on board,

Board, as could be observed in the most regular private Family.

There was Plenty of all sorts of Provisions, but no Profuseness : The Captain's Table was every Day served with three or four Dishes ; to which the Surgeon and some one of the Officers were always invited.

On *Sunday* the Bell rung regularly at Ten for Prayers, which were read by the Surgeon ; and, when over, one of Dr. *Tillotson's* Sermons : And though there were above forty Servants on Board, over and above the Ship's Company, they always assembled (dressed and shaved) at Prayer-Time upon the Quarter-Deck ; where there was an Awning spread to keep off the excessive Heat of the Sun.

Our Apologist is the more particular in the Description of the Decency and Economy she saw on board this Ship, as it is not very common in these wooden Worlds to meet with Sovereigns who govern like Capt. *Phillips* ; and she has but too truly experienced, that when these Monarchs of wooden Territories are pleased to act the Tyrants, how much a Passenger is in their Power, and how extremely uneasy they may make them.

From the Time they got under Sail at *Gravesend*, they never came to an Anchor, but ran quite through the *Channel*, and every thing wore a prosperous Aspect till they had gone the Length of the Bay of *Biscay*, when an Accident was discovered that had like to have proved fatal.

The Ship had fallen down the River under the Care of a Pilot, who having (as they were afterwards informed) with the other Officers, drank a little too freely, while they were enjoying themselves over a Bowl of Punch, let the Ship run a-ground, and, before they could get her off, with grinding her Bottom, so strained her, that all the Irons, excepting the upper one in which the Rudder hung, were wrenched out.

However, as they brought the Ship safe to *Gravesend*, they troubled themselves no farther, and were inhuman enough to let the Captain sail without acquainting him with the Accident, or taking any Care themselves to examine into the Damage she might have received; and having the Wind very brisk and favourable, they did not perceive their Misfortune till they came into the Bay of *Biscay*; nor then till by being pooped (as the Sailors call it) that is, the shipping a Sea quite

quite over her Stern, which bursting into the Cabbin Windows, filled her full of Water, and before it could be let out tore every thing in the Cabbin to Pieces.

The Officers pretended the Captain did not suffer them to carry Sail enough, which they said occasioned this Misfortune: On this they crouded all the Sail the Ship could bear, but found themselves in no way mended, the Ship fallen off several Times, and had like to have broached to.

Yet still they could not discover what was in Fault; but finding she did not obey her Helm, (though she was always reckoned a prime Sailor) at first imagined she was loaden to much a-stern, and all her Hands were put to Work to lighten her there; but not perceiving her relieved by any thing they did, they were apprehensive the Mizen Mast was loose; which examining, and finding quite fast, the Captain was in the utmost Consternation, perceiving they were not able to govern the Ship; and as nobody had the Honesty to tell him what had happened, it was a very great Providence for them they were not all lost.

At last, the Servant Maid who waited on our Apologist, came to her Bedside

one Evening, and told her, there was something in a Box in the Cabbin that made a very odd Noise.

What the Girl took for a Box, was the Rudder-head shut up in a Scuttle or Box, which came over the Cap of it in the great Cabbin; for the Ship was steered by a Wheel.

Mrs. *Muilman* got up and crawled with great Difficulty to the Cabbin-Window, the violent Motion of the Ship making it quite dangerous to move, and lifting up the Board that covered the Rudder-Head, she perceived it gave way from one Side to the other in a continual Motion; and though she was not a very good Sailor, knew that was unusual.

Upon this she ordered her Maid to ring the Bell, and desired to speak with the Captain, who lay in a Place called the *Round-House* upon the Quarter-Deck.

When he came down, and she had told him the Affair, he went to look, and never was Man in such a Consternation, “ Good God ! (says he) what will become of us the Rudder is loose ! ” And calling his Officers to examine into the Affair, a Negro-Boy, who was on board when the Ship ran a-ground, fell a crying, and confessed the whole Truth.

Capt.

Capt. *Phillips* was a Man of a great deal of Patience and Prudence; and indeed he never stood in greater Need of it, when there was nothing before them but a Prospect of perishing. It was in vain to rail; they were all involved in one common Danger: Therefore the Business was now to endeavour, as well as they could, to find a Remedy for the present Evil.

The Captain ordered Slings and every thing necessary to be got ready, and at Break of Day slung the Carpenter and his Mate over the Stern to examine what Condition the Rudder was in, or whether it was possible to give it any Assistance; but it blew hard, and the Sea ran so high, the Swell following the Ship, that it was impossible they could do any thing farther than to discern that the Rudder hung only by the upper Iron; and also, that with fetching way from Side to Side, the Stern-posts of the Ship were exceedingly strained and out of Order.

It must be imagined this was but a melancholy Account to People in their Situation; and the only possible Expedient that then appeared to them, was to stretch away to the Coast of *Portugal*; but before the Sun rose, the Wind came about fair as it could blow for the *English*

Channel ; for which they made all the Sail they could possibly carry ; and giving the Rudder what Assistance they were able by Ropes, which they got out of the Stern-ports, Providence was pleased to favour them so far, that they got safe back to *Plymouth* Harbour.

Here they were obliged to unlade the Ship, and heave her down to examine her Keel, which had also received some Damage, and get the Rudder intirely new hung.

These Reparations detained them twenty Days, so that it was the Third of *May* before they sailed from *Plymouth* ; and they arrived at *Jamaica*, and anchored in *Port-Royal* Harbour, the Twelfth Day of *June* following, after the pleafantest Passage that can be imagined.

But for the Information of our Readers, who are not Sailors, it may be proper to take Notice, that after they pass the *Madeira* Islands (which they did in about twelve Days) they meet a strong East-Wind, or, according to the Sea-Term, a Trade-Wind ; before which, they run quite to *Jamaica*, not shifting a Sail for several Days and Nights together.

No sooner were they come in Sight of the Island, but she was at once distracted
between

between Hopes and Fears. In the Voyage, nothing employed her Thoughts but the Pleasure of meeting with her dear *Worthy*; but now a thousand painful Doubts presented themselves to her Imagination.

As perfect Happiness is never to be enjoyed by a mortal Being, the Moment she was come within Reach of all that her Soul pined after, her Spirits felt an unusual Damp: One Moment she figured to herself the Dangers he might, like her, have encountered in the Voyage: The next was the Fear of his falling sick by the Change of Climate; for there is nothing so common in that Country as to land this Day, three Days hence to sicken, die in Twenty-four Hours, be buried in Six, and in Twenty-four Hours more forgot.

There are very few *Europeans* whose Acquaintance with the Island exceeds a Week; which, by her Account, does not proceed so much from the Unhealthiness of the Climate, as from free Living, Irregularity, and Want of Management of themselves at their first Arrival, and until their Blood is properly thinned by the Heat of the Climate.

She did not long remain in this painful Contemplation; for hearing a Boat
E 4. along.

along side, her Curiosity led her to the Gallery to see who was coming; when, to her inexpressible Amazement, the first Spectacle she beheld was seven great tall Negro Men in a Boat that brought two white Men on board, and in no other than the very Dress in which Nature first presented them to the Light.

What Gallantries soever our Apologist might have known, the natural Modesty of a Woman, unused to such Sights, made it a Scene quite shocking to her; but still flattering herself this was an Indecency practised only before Men, she withdrew from the Gallery as fast as she could: But Capt. *Phillips* coming down, asked, if she was ready to go on shore? For, continued he, here is a Boat that waits for us: But, looking in her Face, he perceived her Confusion, and guessing at the Cause, with a Smile told her, “ I fancy, Madam, you have seen our *Jamaica* Boat-men.” Why really, replied she, Captain, I must confess I have; but I hope they are to put their Cloaths on before they take us board their Boat.

The Captain, though otherwise a Man of a grave Character, was very merry with her upon the Occasion; but at last told

told her, she must of Necessity accustom herself to such Sights; for the heat of the Country was so excessive, it was impossible for the working Negroes to endure any sort of Cloathing; assuring her, that before she had been there one Month, she would scarce perceive whether they were naked or cloathed.

In fine, there being no Remedy she went on board: The Captain waited upon her; and in about an Hour and a half they landed at *Passage-Fort*, which is near five Miles from where they anchored.

As soon as the Horses could be put to a Coach that was prepared for her, she set forward to *Spanish Town* quite in high Spirits; for she was informed her dear *Worthy* had landed about twenty Days before, but unhappily not Time enough to find his Father alive.

It was so late at Night when she came to *Port-Royal*, the News of her Arrival had not yet reached him. She got from *Passage-Fort* to *Spanish Town* before Seven in the Morning; where alighting, as he had given her Directions, at the House of Mr. *George B——*, who was his Factor or Merchant, she sent to that where *Worthy* lodged, to know if he was in.

Town; where being informed he was, she went directly thither.

This Interview, it may be presumed, was as tender as possible, and by far more easy to be imagined than described: Would our Readers conceive any thing could now possibly happen which could cloud or imbitter a Meeting that promised so much Felicity? No, sure!—But when they have got a little further into her History, they will be convinced no human Happiness can be lasting.

Her Arrival in that Country made the usual Noise: These Islands are like Country Towns, where every Person knows his Neighbour; and to fill up their vacant Hours, are generally obliged to employ them in other Peoples Affairs. But *Worthy*, who infinitely despised such Tittle-tattle, as soon as they had breakfasted, dressed and went to the Parade, or usual Place where the Gentlemen meet, with so gay a Countenance, nobody hesitated to wish him Joy.

After Dinner, Capt. *Phillips* waited upon them, to whom *Worthy* made a Present of Sugar to the Value of 100 l. for his Care and Civility to her.

They were then dressing to go to a Country-House he had at *Sixteen-Mile-Walk*,

Walk, which is about ten Miles from *Spanish-Town*.

This particular Spot of the Island is reckoned one of the healthiest Places in it. Nothing can be more pleasant and beautiful to the Eye. It is a sort of natural Amphitheatre, in Circumference about sixteen Miles, from which it takes its Name; and is full of Gentlemens Seats within half a Miles Distance of each other, watered by a Spring which issues from a Rock, and forms a large River of the finest Water that can be tasted, equalled by Sir *Hans Sloane* to the *Bristol* Spring.

There is in this River Plenty of divers sorts of fresh-water Fish, excellent in their kind.

But, says our Apologist, though I have travelled so much, I never saw, heard, or read, of any thing so romantically surprising, as the Road that leads from *Spanish Town* to this Place; and for which inestimable Convenience, that Island is chiefly indebted to Colonel *Charles P—*, a Gentleman of an excellent Character and splendid Fortune, adorned with every Accomplishment and good Quality that can render him useful to his Country, or dear to his Friends, who, at his own Expence,

pence, undertook to make that Road passable, which was no other than the Cleft that an Earthquake had formerly split from a Mountain almost inaccessible, and, with indefatigable Labour and Expence, this Gentleman got cleared, by blowing up whatever part of the Mountain obstructed it, and has hewn out a Road where two Coaches may go commodiously abreast on one Side; and the River which runs from *Sixteen-Mile-Walk* is on the other, which has broke itself a Course through the rugged Pieces of Rocks, that, in clearing the Road, they have thrown into it; for it was found impossible to make it navigable.

The natural Springs that flow from the Mountain, within almost every hundred Yards of one another, make the most beautiful Cascades that can be imagined; so that altogether, it is certainly one of the most romantically amazing Sights that can be conceived.

The Mountains on each Side are so high, that their Tops are covered by the Clouds; and by their Height intirely shade the Road from the Sun, so that in the extremest Heat of the Day it is as cool as a Cave.

There

There is an Echo or hollow Sounding in it, by which the very Footsteps of Passengers are heard at a very great Distance; and, by her Description, that very Road is a Curiosity well worth going a thousand Miles to see.

To this Place they were, as we mentioned before, preparing to set out, when a Servant came up and told *Worthy* Mr. B — B — desired to speak with him.

Worthy could not imagine what his Business could be, as he had no sort of Acquaintance with that Gentleman, though they were of the same Country; neither had Mr. B — ever come to welcome him to the Island, as is their Custom, though he had been arrived twenty Days before: However, he went down Stairs, and received him very courteously.

After the usual Compliments were over, Mr. B —, addressing himself to *Worthy*, said, “ I am come to see your *English* Girl.” Sir, replied *Worthy*, any of my Friends who do me the Honour of waiting upon her, I shall be very proud to see at a proper Opportunity. “ Oh no! returned he, I must see her now.” Pray, Sir, said *Worthy*, do you know her? (imagining Mr. B —, who had been

been in *England*, might have seen our Apologist there) “No, answered he, I never saw her in my Life.” Then, Sir, resumed *Worthy*, when she has recovered the Fatigues of her long and dangerous Voyage, you shall be extremely welcome whenever you will do me the Honour to come and see her.

This Denial, however polite, would by no means satisfy this curious Gentleman, who again insisted, and with some Abruptness, that he would see her as she was.

Worthy, whose Complaisance began to be a little fatigued at such Treatment, answered in a positive Refusal; and added, I am surprized, Mr. B——, you should behave in this Manner to me: — Pray, did I ever come to your House, and insist upon seeing Mrs. M——*. “D—n me, Sir, replied he, do you put her upon a Footing with Mrs. M——?” With any Woman upon Earth, answered *Worthy*, while she is under my Protection; and so shall every Friend of mine I have the Honour to introduce to her. “Why

* A Gentleman's Wife whom he had borrowed something unfairly of her Husband, and at that time was kept publicly in his House.

then,

then, G--d d---n me, you are a S---l.” B——, replied the gallant *Worthy*, if you had a Mind to pick a Quarrel with me, it would have been more like a Gentleman to have done it in a proper Place, and not in the hearing of Women who may possibly be more alarmed at your Anger than they have Reason to be: However, you will please to remember what you have said, and let us talk the Matter coolly at Six o’Clock To-morrow at the *Mulberry Garden**: In the Cool of the Morning we may reason rather more calmly than after Dinner with a Bottle of Wine in our Heads, and then we shall see which of us is the S---l: ---But, continued *Worthy*, lest you should oversleep yourself, this Gentleman (pointing to one Mr. *Moncreif*, who came with him) seems to be very sober, and will I hope awake you, and put you in Mind of our Appointment.

“We need not stay so long, answered Mr. B——, I am ready now.” And so should I, returned *Worthy*, but I am this Moment going to wait upon the Lady in question; and I presume you

* A Pleasure Garden, about half a Mile from *Spanish Town*.

will admit, after she has taken so much Pains to come to me, it is just that, for this Time, I give her the Preference.— Upon which they parted, Mr. B— muttering some few Oaths and indecent Language.

Worthy returned into the Room to her with a Serenity of Countenance in which there was not the least visible Emotion, and telling her the Coach would be ready in a Moment, she withdrew into the next Room to get herself ready; when her Maid, who had been within Hearing of this whole Conversation, told her every Word of it:

The Reader can but very ill frame to himself her Distress, unless they have preserved in their Memory the Character we have given of the amiable *Worthy's* strict Honour and Punctilio; but she, being so well acquainted with that, was very sure of the Consequence; and, all Things considered, it must be confessed her Situation was a most melancholy one; fond of a Man to Distraction, whom she had abandoned every thing to follow to a remote Corner of the World, that the next Morning after her Arrival is to hazard his Life in a Duel.

In.

In this Rack of Thought, he called several Times to hasten her ; adding, that it would be Night before they could get home.

Never was Conflict equal to what she suffered, in debating with herself, whether she should discover to him what the Maid had told her ; and in the few, very few Moments she had to resolve, she at last concluded, that no one Happiness or Benefit could arise from her telling it, for she was very well assured, that the whole World had no Temptation in it that could persuade him to recede a Moment from his Intention ; and, on the other Hand, she dreaded lest the discovering it, as she knew what would follow, might be the Consequence of some tender unquiet Moments that might disorder him.

Therefore, she resolved, though her own Heart were to burst by the keeping it to herself, not to open her Lips, or give him the least Intimation that she knew, or even suspected, his Design ; though what this painful Silence must have cost her, we believe may be easily imagined.

Every thing being ready, they set out with several of their Friends to *Sixteen-Mile-Walk* ; *Worthy* in the greatest Gaiety of

of Spirits : But as she was not able to conceal altogether, by her Countenance, the Agony of her Heart, *Worthy* would frequently reproach her and say, What, my Girl, do you repent already ? and endeavoured, by all the familiar Pleasantries he could play, to force a Smile from her ; which, in spite of all her Fortitude, was generally followed by a Tear.

The generous *Worthy* begging to know the Cause, she assured him it proceeded from nothing but a Fullness of Heart and Over-joy at seeing him ; and that, when she had slept, it would be over.

With this he was pretty well satisfied, and assuring her that all the Happiness that was in his Power she might surely depend on, they at length arrived at his House ; where, Supper being prepared, he entertained his Friends with his usual Mirth and Politeness.

But after Supper, begging Pardon of the Company, he withdrew into the next Room in which was an Escrutoire, and where, as she was afterwards informed, he sat down and drew a fair Form of a Will, in which he made a very handsome and ample Provision for her ; uncertain what the Event of the coming Morning might prove.

This

This done, he called four of his Friends from Table, who, having witnessed it returned, and were as gay as possible. — all but our unhappy Apologist, whose Mind was upon the Rack, and but very ill able to conceal the Agonies she felt; but the more she thought and reasoned with herself, stronger Arguments occurred to her for concealing from him what she knew.

At last the Company retired, and her dear *Worthy* begged her to think of reposing herself, since she must unavoidably be greatly harassed with the Fatigue of the foregoing Day; little guessing her Rack of Mind, in which she continued the whole Night, so that she was almost dead with Grief.

Worthy, whose Heart was full of Joy and Content at their Meeting, with a Mind quiet as a new-born Infant, slept very sound; but having, before he went to Bed, ordered himself to be called at Five o'Clock, and a Horse to be at the Door, the Servant accordingly awaked him, telling him the Clock had struck Five; at which starting up, he embraced her, and begged she would repose herself; he was, he said, obliged to go about five Miles off upon some particular Business,
and

and chose the cool of the Morning for that Purpose ; but would infallibly return before she was ready for Breakfast ; and dressing himself as quick as possible, came once more to the Bedside, and giving her a Key, “ Here, my Love, said he, is the Key of my Escrutoire, which I would have you keep.” Upon which embracing her, he got on Horseback alone, and immediately rode to the Place appointed.

It was now, having no longer Reason to restrain it, she gave herself up to the most agonizing Grief ; and nobody being with her but her Maid and the Negroes, they kept her alive with the greatest Difficulty ; for the being obliged to stifle all the Appearances of her Uneasiness had hurt her so much, that when her Passion found a Vent, the Blood burst from her Nose and Mouth in a Torrent ; and in this distracted Condition she remained till near Ten o’Clock ; the Negroes continually upon the Watch to give her the glad Tidings of their Master’s Return, whose Absence these poor Creatures imagined to be the Cause of her Grief.

At last one of them cried out, here was their Master coming ; which transporting News gave her Courage to open
her

her Eyes ; but in a few Minutes they were undeceived : The Person they took for *Worthy*, was Capt. *D—*, a Friend of his, whom he had dispatched away, for fear the News should by any other Means come to her Ears, to let her know he was well, and would be with her in less than an Hour.

Never was a Man so astonished as Capt. *D—*, when she told him the whole Affair, and that he perceived she had had the Prudence to conceal her Knowledge of it from the gallant *Worthy* ; but before she would tell him Particulars, he was obliged to gratify her Impatience, by telling how the Affair ended.

They met according to Appointment alone ; *Worthy* arrived first, but had not been there five Minutes before Mr. *B—* came ; who, accosting him, said, “ I am sorry we meet here as Enemies.” To which the other replied by drawing his Sword, and saying it was late, and if he remembered right their Meeting was to convince him (Mr. *B—*) that he in no Shape deserved the Name of *S—*. On which Mr. *B—* drew ; and after some Passes *Worthy* wounded him in the Breast, and soon after slightly on the Shoulder.

The

The Blood flew about so briskly, that *Wortby* called to him and said, "The Blood flies; have you enough, B——?" To which the other answered, "No, by G--d not yet." "Then have at you," returned *Wortby*; and the next Pass wounded him in the Sword-hand.

But as Heaven was pleased to direct, just at that Moment there were going by some Coopers to a neighbouring Gentleman's Plantation with Iron Hoops on their Shoulders.

These People, hearing a Clashing of Swords though there was a thick Log-wood-Hedge between, broke through it, and beat down their Swords with the Iron Hoops. On which the Alarm being given, the Provost-Marshal was immediately dispatched away, who put them both under an Arrest, till they had waited upon the Governor, and given their Honour it was all over.

This done, *Wortby* got on Horseback, and came home as fast as the Horse could carry him; and that was, by the Time she had risen from her Bed.

She went into the Piazza to meet him, who, with inexpressible Transport, embracing her, said, "Chear up, my dearest Girl, all is over, and you see I am safe."

You

You have more Reason (replied Capt. D ———, who was present at this Interview) to endeavour to give her Comfort than you imagine; for what her Sufferings must have been you will easily judge, when you know that before she left *Spanish-Town*, her Maid, who was in Hearing of all your Conversation with Mr. B ———, told her every Word of it.

Worthy was so amazed at hearing this, he stood motionless; but, recovering himself, he caught her in his Arms, and said,

“Whatever your Sufferings might have been, my dearest Girl, most probably I owe my Life to your Prudence and Fortitude; for the Comfort I had in believing you were quite ignorant of the Affair, gave me Spirits I might have greatly wanted had you acted a Woman’s Part. However, I shall, while I live, be so sensible of the Prudence and Affection you have shewn in so critical a Conjunction, that the Life which that has possibly contributed to preserve, shall be always devoted to your Happiness”.

This inauspicious Beginning of her promised Felicity being thus happily concluded, her Mind began to be a little calmed,

calmed, and the three ensuing Years she declares was the only Part of her Life she would desire to live over again.

Nothing that the amiable *Worthy* could imagine or invent to please, or add to her Happiness, was wanting. Could he have discerned by her Eyes she had a Wish, he flew to save her Lips the Pains of expressing it. The sweetest Behaviour that is possible to describe accompanied all his Actions, uninterrupted by even so much as one Moment's Contradiction or Disagreement. They had but one Will, one Happiness; ever studious in their mutual Endeavours to oblige.

Thus they lived in an uninterrupted Calm, which to all Appearance would have continued till this Hour, had not the Heat of the Country disagreed with both of them, so as to make it insupportable.

It came first to her Turn to feel the severe Effects of it by a most dreadful Fever, with which she was seized in about three Months after her Arrival, and lay ill of above six; during all which Time the inestimable *Worthy* hardly ever left her Bedside.

- He had a Field-Bed put up in her Room, on which he lay; but seldom pulled

pulled off his Cloaths, that he might be ready at her Bedside whenever she moved; and, with a Tenderness not to be expressed, administered every Medicine that was ordered for her.

Our Readers will be the less surprized at her Fondness for the amiable *Worthy* after what we have said.

But there happened, during her Sickness, an Instance of his Affection we cannot forbear mentioning; because if her Heart had been ever so little susceptible of Gratitude, it could not fail raising in her the highest Esteem and Affection for him.

He was sitting by her Bedside one Day in the Beginning of her Illness, - when there was very little Hopes of her Life: She was quite disordered in her Senses, and had ten Blisters; when in a Moment there was a confused Noise in the House, every body crying out, *a Shock! a Shock!* by which Name the Negroes call an Earthquake.

The Approaches of it are always very certain; for two or three Days together the Sun scarce appears, the Weather is suffocating, hot, and gloomy, and the Roaring of the Sea is heard at a most incredible Distance.

These are the Symptoms without which there are seldom or never any Convulsions of the Earth felt.

Their Frequency is one of the most disagreeable Inconveniencies which that Country is subject to ; but the Negroes, who are well acquainted with the preceding Signs, are continually upon the Watch when they appear ; so that they generally give Notice, that People may run out, for Fear of being buried under the Ruins of their Houses.

Its Approaches are heard like the rolling of Thunder at a Distance ; and, by her Description, the Scene, while an Earthquake lasts, comes the nearest any thing we can figure to ourselves of a grand Conflagration. People run out of their falling Houses into the open Air ; which, through its gloomy Darkness, affords just Light enough to present to the View a more horrid Spectacle than even Fancy can conceive. . The Earth rolling and tossing about, like the troubled Motion of the Sea, in one Place, opening, emits Flames of Fire : Torrents of Water gush from another Chasm ; which the trembling, affrighted Spectators behold, every Moment expecting to sink into Eternity.

This

This terrible Scene lasts many Minutes : Were it of longer Duration, Terror and Amazement would destroy those whom the Convulsion might spare ; but, generally speaking, after the third violent Shock is over, there follow Drops of Rain incredibly large, and the Sun breaking out as after an Eclipse, gives new Life and restores Order.

One might be induced to think, by Milton's Description, he had been in some of these hot Countries, and felt that terrible Shock of Nature he so justly describes, viz.

*Earth trembled from her Entrails, as again
In Pangs; and Nature gave a second Groan:
Sky low'r'd, and, muttering Thunder, some
sad Drops
Wept*

When this dreadful Convulsion is over, imagine the Amazement one must be seized with, to see almost the whole Face of the Earth changed ! Here stood a Mountain whose Top pierced the Clouds ; that is gone, and in its Place a rapid River. There stood a House and a fine Plantation ; now an undistinguished Heap of Ruin. A fine Wood once lies now

concealed by an inaccessible Mountain without Tree or Shrub upon it. Here, an opulent trading City, so overflowed by the Sea that the Ships ride at Anchor over the Tops of the Houses. Some of the terrified Inhabitants, who were swallowed here, thrown up alive at four Miles Distance.

Confused as this Account may appear, it is as particular as any our Apologist could gather from the Inhabitants, or she herself have Presence of Mind to observe in Moments of such general Terror. We believe no Mortal, who has ever been in the Case, can be able to give a more intelligible one. But to return :

In the Midst of the Terror and Confusion of the Negroes at hearing the Approaches of an Earthquake, a young Gentleman, a Relation of *Worthy's*, who was at his House upon a Visit, ran into the Room, and said, "For God's Sake, Cousin, come out; here is a Shock!" "Save yourself then dear *Hampson*," replied *Worthy*; "I will never part with this poor Girl; what is her Fate, shall be mine."

Upon which he threw himself down by her on the Bedside, and caught her fast in his Arms; and in an Instant there was
a Shock,

a Shock — in about half a Minute another — and in less than that time, a Third — which was the last; and that shook the House to such a Degree, that Part of the Gable-End, which stood to the Northward, and was the Room in which she lay, fell in; but without doing them any Harm.

This we believe our Readers will admit to be a Proof of the honest *Worthy's* Affection, well deserving every tender Return in her Power. Indeed, he gave her so many it would be endless to recount them.

Thus she lay with this cruel Fever upon her for upwards of six Months, till at last she was worn to a mere Skeleton, and so enervated she could no more stand or feed herself than a new-born Infant; and it was the Admiration of every body how it was possible for her to subsist: Indeed, nothing but *Worthy's* indulgent Care could have given her a Chance for Life; he never left her a Moment, endeavouring, by every tender endearing Means, to keep up her Spirits; which, in her melancholy Condition, was the only Thing that could give her a Chance for Life: For, she says, the Apprehensions of parting with him, she is sure, made her struggle with Death. Divested

of that Passion, she would have submitted to, nay wished for it, with great Resignation; pleased to be relieved from the intolerable racking Pains that accompany the Symptoms of a Fever in that Country, called the *Dry Belly-ach*.

One fatal Consequence of this, is the Loss of Limbs, and which are scarcely once in a thousand Times ever restored, without the Patient's removing into a colder Climate; where, by Degrees, the Nerves recover their Strength, though not without leaving some remaining Weakness.

This is what makes that Island so terrible to *Europeans*, who seldom or ever escape it; and of which above fifteen in twenty die; especially Men, for they live very intemperately, and expose themselves inconsiderately to the Inclemency of the Night Air, so that few of them live a Month after their first Landing.

It is a thousand Pities it should be so; for, by her Description, that Island is capable of being made one of the most delightful Spots in the World.

There is nothing that the Earth can produce in any Part of *Europe*, but Industry might bring forth there; for, as the Soil is excessively rich, what will not
Heat

Heat and Moisture do? Both which they have in abundance. Besides the Season which constantly brings them Rain, there is a Dew which falls in the Night, that plentifully supplies the Earth with a requisite Moisture; and there is but one Evil which prevents its being as healthy as any other Place.

That Island has been suffered to be monopolized into a few Hands, by which Means there are no small Settlements, not one fourth of it being opened. It is not uncommon to see a Gentleman possessed of a Tract of Land of Ten thousand Acres, and not Fifteen hundred of it open or cultivated; for a very few Acres of Sugar Canes employ many hundred Negroes.

For this Reason they never trouble themselves in opening more Land than they are under a Necessity of doing, by cutting down Fire Wood; which having done, they set the Stumps that remain in the Earth on Fire, and, when burnt, plant it with Provisions for their Negroes; but if their was more Care taken to collect the King's Tax, which is given for the Support of Government, *but never fairly levied*, some of these Monopolizers (who would not like to pay the Tax, and

upon Failure the Land would become forfeited to the Crown) would be glad to parcel out their Land; and, by this Means, it would be in the Power of the Government to give the (so-much-wanted) proper Encouragement for white People to go and make, out of the forfeited Lands, little Settlements among them.

These new Settlers would of Course open the Woods, and give the Air, which by their Closeness was before interrupted and condensed, a free Passage.

Thus would the Cause of the unwholesome Night-Breezes that blow from the Mountains, so pernicious to Health, be removed; and *Jamaica* made not only the healthiest, but the most flourishing Island in the *West-Indies*.

With all its present Disadvantages it abounds in Plenty of all sorts of Provisions. There is hardly any of the feathered Kind that they have not in the greatest Abundance and Goodness. Butcher's Meat, all except Veal, as good as it is possible; Hog-Meat, in particular, the finest in the World. The greatest Variety that can be imagined of Fish, and incomparably good. Wild Boar, Turtle, Wood Pigeons, each in their Kind most delicious Food. Fruits of every sort produced

produced by Nature, almost the only Gardener they have. Peas, Beans, and indeed, if the Inhabitants thought it worth their while to employ their Negroes that Way, every thing that can be named would grow there; and, as we have before mentioned, it would infallibly be the Case, if there was a proper Provision made to encourage the Settling of white People there; for they whose Fortunes were insufficient to bear the Expence of raising a Sugar-Work, would turn their Thoughts to Gardening, Farming, &c. which is so much wanted.

The native *Crealians* are the most hospitable, friendly, faithful People upon Earth; and our Apologist declares, she could with great Satisfaction, were she but Fifteen, make Choice of that Country to pass her whole Life in.

There are so many Writers who have described their Customs, Forms, and Manner of Government, it is needless for us to treat of them here: But what we have mentioned, though the greatest Evil which attends that Island, seems to be the least regarded, and may possibly be one Day the Loss of that fine and beneficial Place to *Great Britain*, as there is daily a great Increase of Negroes, who are now

above twenty to one white Person, if there is not a proportionable Increase of white People, that Island will at length be mastered by the Negroes. Therefore, *the late Scheme of giving them more Power was a very destructive one.*

The Gentleman who is the present Governor, was so while our Apologist was there; and, she says, no Man can be more esteemed by all the true Lovers of the Country than he is, and really most deservedly so; for his sole Aim is their general Good and Prosperity. He is a most genteel behaved Gentleman, ready of Access, a temperate Liver, a just and equitable Judge, and complained of by none who are not governed by Party-Rage, which is to be found as much in that little Island (in Proportion) as in the greatest State in *Europe*.

There are two Factions, the *Scots* and *Irish*, who with indefatigable Pains endeavour each to keep the upper Hand, and wrest the whole Power from the landed Gentlemen: But happily for the Natives, the present Governor supports them against both these; which is not done without great Heats, Animosities, and Cabals, and sometimes Bloodshed.

In speaking of *Jamaica*, we have been naturally led into a Digression, which the Esteem our Apologist has for that Island forces us to indulge. The great Civilities she received from the Inhabitants, and the happy Hours she has passed there, is the most pleasing Remembrance of her Life; and the highest Commendations we can give them, is no more from her than a Tribute which Justice exacts.

After six tedious Months Sickness, she began a little to recover her Strength: But it was now the inestimable *Worthy* was to take his Turn: He fell ill, and in eleven Months was not able to leave his Bed three Days together.

Though we naturally imagine the present Evil to be the hardest to endure of any that can befall us, she was soon convinced of the contrary; for how much soever she wished for Health (with all the Pains and Miseries that attended *Worthy's* Illness) she would have thought it the greatest Blessing Heaven could bestow upon her to have changed Places with him, whose Torments were a thousand Times more intolerable to her than her own.

She had however the Consolation of keeping her own Health well enough to
wait:

wait upon him all that Time, and being his faithful Nurse; which she has at this Time the Pleasure to reflect, was the Means under Providence of saving his Life.

She was several Months together without pulling off her Cloaths, otherwise than to shift them; and Night or Day was never one Moment from his Bedside; nor did he taste so much as a Drop of Water that was not given him by her Hands; and this is a Happiness few People who sicken in that Country can have, and frequently die for want of. The Negroes, to whose Care the Sick are intrusted, grow tired of a long Attendance, and fail greatly of that Tendernefs, Assiduity, and Handiness requisite to a good Nurse; to whom we believe it will be acknowledged a Patient owes almost as much as to a Physician: In poor *Worthy's* Case it was evidently so; for they were all the Time of his Sickness in the Country, where sometimes for several Days together they were without seeing their Physician.

In this melancholy Situation they passed near eleven Months, and *Worthy* had scarce began to recover before she fell ill again.

The Fatigue she had undergone during his Sickness at last fell heavy upon her, and she was now so ill it was thought impossible for her to live without going into a cold Climate.

This was but a living Death to her ; for *Wortby's* Affairs were in such an unsettled Situation, it was out of his Power to go with her, being involved in a Law-Suit at that Time with the perfidious *Maskwell's* Executors ; who, not content with having infamously robbed him of his Birth-Right, had a Mind to keep Possession of the Lands *Wortby* had made him Agent for. Therefore, till that Process was determined, he could not stir from the Island, though his Health so much required it.

But the Doctors assuring them, it was not possible for her to live a Month longer in that Country, painful as the Separation was, *Wortby* at last resolved upon it, and by Degrees broke it to her ; but withal assured her, that he would meet her in *New-England* the Summer following.

Where we have only our Choice of two certain Evils, it is pretty natural to prefer the least.

If she staid in *Jamaica* there was a Possibility of her living about a Month, six Weeks at most; and to die, was parting with him for ever.

If she went into a cold Climate there was no Doubt of her Recovery, and they might possibly meet in six or eight Months after.

In fine, the latter was resolved, than which nothing but Death could be more painful to both.

There being a Fleet ready to sail for *England* under the Convoy of a Man of War, every thing was prepared for her Voyage.

The Ship *Worthy* made Choice of for her, was one that he constantly used to ship his Sugars on board of; where he hoped his Influence over the Captain, would secure her the most civil Treatment, and that she might not be incommoded by Passengers, there were none suffered to go in the Ship but herself and her three Servants.

Every thing being in Readiness for her Departure, she left the Island the Beginning of *December 1740*.

Her Parting with the amiable *Worthy* was the most affecting Scene Imagination can form, and what she accounts the most

most unhappy Minute of her unfortunate Life. It is well we cannot foresee the Evils to come: Were that possible, how few People would be prevailed on to make Use of the Means in Sickness to prolong Life; at least we believe our Apologist would not.

The first Forebodings of an unhappy Voyage happened in three Hours after they sailed; for as the Captain had made it late in the Morning the Land-Breeze fell before they got clear of the Rocks, by which the Shore of *Port Antonia* is bounded; and the Sea-Breeze coming in very briskly they were driven back upon a Ridge of Rocks that comes off from a Point they were obliged to weather, (according to the Sea Phrase) or go round, before they could get clear of the Harbour, which is reckoned a dangerous one. Therefore, they should have sailed early enough to have weathered that Point with the Land-Breeze.

The Captain was in the utmost Consternation at finding the Mistake; but the Sea-Breeze came upon them too briskly to give Time for much Reflection: They were in less than half an Hour drove quite back upon the Ridge of Rocks that went
from

from the Point, where there was no Anchorage.

The Captain immediately ordered Guns of Distress to be fired, which they were in Hopes would be heard Time enough by the Men of War in the Harbour to man their Boats, and come out to their Assistance; which they accordingly did with all the Expedition they were able.

But this took up so much Time, that being now, by the Sea-Breeze and Swell together, hove back so close upon the Rocks, that, standing at the Stern of the Ship, a Stone might with Ease be cast upon them. They every Moment expected to strike; and as the Ship was very deep laden, it must immediately have stove to Pieces with its own Weight.

Their last Relief therefore was to put all the Hands on board into the Boat, which, luckily for them, they had not taken on board; for it would have employed more Time to have her hoisted out than they had to lose; and having fastened a Rope, which they call a Hauler, to the Ship's Head, carried the End of it on board the Boat; when, rowing against the Wind and Swell, they endeavoured

deavoured to tow the Ship off the Rocks.

But the Swell which came in with the Sea-Breeze was so strong, that all their Skill and Strength could not have saved her five Minutes longer.

The Ship had just begun to touch the Rocks, as four of the Men of War's Barges came up; and with great Skill and Labour, towed her off, and carried her safe back into *Port Antonia* Harbour.

The next Morning they took Care to sail earlier; but before they got half way to *Port-Royal* Harbour, where they were to join the rest of the Fleet and the Convoy, our Apologist was terrified to death at hearing the People upon Deck, cry, *Hoist out the Boat quickly, or we shall be all burnt!* which inquiring the Reason of, found the Cook-Room was on Fire; and to save the Ship they were obliged to cut, tear to Pieces, and throw every thing belonging to it over-board, and with the utmost Difficulty got the Fire under; and at last brought the Ship safe round to *Port-Royal*; from whence they set Sail about the 10th of *January*.

But after they had been out for several Days, endeavouring to beat up to Windward,

ward, there came an Order from Captain *Knight*, who commanded the forty-gun Ship that was their Convoy, for all the Ships in the Fleet to return to *Jamaica* into *Port-Royal* Harbour; for that the *French* Fleet, commanded by the *Marquis d'Antin*, was waiting at *Hieres-Bay* to intercept them, and hinder their taking in Water; for that is the last Place the Ships from *Jamaica* water at.

Upon which they once again returned to *Jamaica*; where, after all these Frights and Fatigues, she had the Happiness of once more seeing her dear *Worthy*.

In five or six Days the Convoy gave Notice to sail the Morning following.

Indeed their Fears seemed to be something premature; for at that Time there was really no Danger, War not being declared with *France* till two Years after; and there was but little Probability, that a Squadron of about thirteen or fourteen Sail of Ships would commit any Acts of Hostility in view of so large a Fleet as we then had; for it was the very Day she first sailed from *Port-Royal* Harbour, that *Sir Chalonier Ogle* joined *Admiral Vernon*; and the Truth was, this *French* Fleet they were in so much Fear of, was

no way disposed for Fighting: All they desired, was to sneak home (as the Sailors say) in a whole Skin, to unburden their Treasure, with which they were laden down to the Water's Edge; for these friendly Allies had been in Spanish Ports, to take in all the Treasure that used to go from the Fair at Porto Bello, and were lodged at Panama and Carthagena.

So that one of the largest and finest Fleets (the united one of *Vernon* and *Ogle*) that *England* ever sent to those Seas, had the Heart-breaking Mortification to see all the Treasure that had been amassed together in the *Spanish West-Indies* for three Years, sail home, in *French* Bottoms, within Sight of them, without daring to fire a Gun;—all but that gallant, worthy young Nobleman Lord *Augustus Fitzroy*; who, burning with Indignation to hear the Lamentation of his Sailors at such an inglorious Sight, was glad to shew his Resentment upon any Terms: Therefore fell upon the faithless Friends for not doing Honour to the King's Colours.

But as we are not writing a History of those Times, we shall proceed no farther in our Remarks than what has an immediate Relation with her Voyage.

The

The Signal being given the homeward-bound Fleet all got under Sail ; but, before our Apologist had been two Days at Sea, a new Calamity befel her, that lasted no less than the whole Voyage, and had like to have been the Destruction of her, and the Loss of the Ship.

The Captain, who from his Demeanor one would have imagined nothing of the amorous kind was to be apprehended, fell (as he pretended) violently in Love with his Passenger ; and was indiscreet enough to discover his Passion so abruptly, that she resolved, as soon as the Ship touched at *Hieres-Bay* to water, she would go on shore, and wait there for some Convenience to carry her back to *Jamaica* again ; or else to endeavour to get a Letter, intimating her Apprehensions, conveyed to Capt. *Knight*, who was their Convoy, and beg of him to take her on board his Ship.

But her new Lover the Captain, apprehending, by the Dislike she expressed to some of his Behaviour, this would be the Case, was resolved to free himself from the Dread of losing her at any Rate. Therefore, instead of running into *Hieres-Bay* to water with the rest of the Fleet, he in the Night took the Watch himself,

himself, and steered a quite contrary Course; and without having a Month's Water on board for the Ship's Company: So that the first News she heard in the Morning was, that they had intirely lost their Convoy, were gone past *Hieres-Bay*, had no Water on board, and were to sail home a single Ship in the Midst of a War, with the Seas full of Privateers, and what was most intolerable, in the Ship with an ill-bred, passionate, ignorant Brute; who pleased with the Thoughts of having her in his Power, promised himself all the Success his Heart could wish. Yet was this agreeable Inamorato turned of Fifty, and had a Wife and Children in *London*.

In this wretched Situation she was kept on board the Ship for seventeen Weeks and four Days, while the rest of the Fleet got home in the usual Time; for this mad Fellow, once in two Nights would take his Watch, go to the Helm himself, and steer away quite a contrary Course, without considering that, by his Want of Provisions and Water, he ran the Risque of starving them.

The Sailors perceiving this would infallibly have flung him overboard, and did actually attempt it, but were prevented by the Vigilance and Care of the Officers,
who

who nevertheless spoke to him privately to keep his Cabbin, or otherwise they must be obliged to confine him there by Force, and then take the Care of the Ship upon themselves.

All this Time he plagued and tormented her to Death, so that she did not dare sit in the Cabbin without her Servants by her, and was above seven Weeks obliged to eat stinking Salt-Beef, and Bifquets that were half devoured by Vermin: Their Live-Stock all died for want of Water and Corn, and the Allowance of Water the last three Weeks was but a Quarter of a Pint to each Man a Day.

The Sailors would therefore have been put to terrible Shifts if she had not had almost two Pipes of Wine on board; which she was obliged to give among them.

Our Readers will see with how much Justice we extolled the Behaviour of Capt. *Phillips* compared to Capt. *Marshall's* (for so he was called); and we presume she may, with great Reason, be allowed to say, these *Wooden Monarchs are sometimes Tyrants*.

Never did Creature pass near eighteen such Weeks, in a very low State of Health

Health; broken-hearted with her Separation from the inestimable *Worthy*; terrified by a most tempestuous and dangerous Voyage; starving about half the Time; pestered to Death with the loathsome Importunities of such a nauseous Fellow, and every Moment expecting to be picked up by some *Spanish* Privateer. In this very unpleasing Situation she continued till the 13th of *April* 1741; when Providence released her, by bringing her safe to *Dover*, after being, as before-mentioned, 17 Weeks and four Days at Sea; and the next Day she set forward for London.

The Expectation of seeing a Sister she tenderly loved gave her Thoughts full Entertainment; nor is it possible to describe any thing more tender and affecting than their Meeting.

The next Day she took Lodgings in *Warwick-Court, Holborn*; in which Place, as we have informed our Readers in the *Promised Justification*, No. 5. Vol. II. she continued till she left *England* the last Day of *June* following.

But she had suffered too much from the Insolence and Folly of her Captain, not to meditate a Revenge that might properly expose him, and prevent any other Woman
 Passenger

Passenger from falling under the like Treatment.

This she would infallibly have executed, by Printing the whole Affair in the News-Papers; but the *cunning old Fox*, who apprehended her Resentment would break out in some such public Manner, immediately applied himself to *Henry Bendish, Esq;* a Gentleman of *Jamaica*, and *John Yeomans, Esq;* of *St. Christopher's*, and several others, to solicit in his Favour.

These Gentlemen went to her, and frankly acknowledged that the Captain deserved to be hanged, not only for his Behaviour to her, but for endangering the Lives of the whole Ship's Company, as well as the Loss of the Ship and Cargo; for to all Appearance it was his Design never to have brought her to *England*: Even when they drew near Land he endeavoured to carry her into *Ireland*; and had it not been for a Ship they met with about two hundred Leagues to the Westward of *Scilly*, had done so.

This Ship, which was bound from *Oporto* to *London*, of whom *Mr. Fitzgerald*, Merchant, was Owner, was armed and manned for her Defence; and had four Days before fought a Privateer for three Hours and a half with great Bravery, and

at

at last obliged them to sheer off ; but had most of her Hands, as well as the Captain, very much wounded, and their Sails and Rigging shot all to Pieces.

The Strangers flung their Ship to, hoisted their Colours at the Main-top-mast-head, and fired Guns of Distress.

Capt. *Marshall* proposed crowding away from them ; but as they were near enough to discern with the naked Eye that she was *English*-built, and extremely shattered, the Officers begged they might fling their Ship to, and wait till the other, which was to Windward of them, could bear down.

This at last (though very unwillingly) he complied with ; and, when they came near enough, their Distress was found to be much greater than could be imagined : They were almost all dangerously wounded, had no Surgeon on board, and were without so much as one Rag of white Linnen to tie up their Wounds, or any kind of Plaister or Medicine-Chest on board : Their Bread, Water, and Beef all intirely consumed ; for they had met a strong easterly Wind which had kept them at-Sea above double the Time those Voyages are usually made in ; and though these gallant Tars resolved to defend them-

selves at any Rate, yet they never considered that in so doing it was possible for them to be wounded.

In this miserable Condition they joined Company with Capt. *Marshall*, and most earnestly begged if he had a Surgeon on board, he would suffer him to give their wounded Men some Assistance.

Unfortunately there was none, but our Apologist having a Medicine-Chest for her own Use, told the Captain, if he would hoist out his Boat and bring the Men on board who were most wounded, she would do all in her Power to assist them.

Accordingly the wounded Men were put into Capt. *Marshall's* Boat, and brought on board his Ship.

She gave them every Help in her Power, by bleeding them all several times; for, with the Pain of their Wounds, and the being obliged to drink nothing but new Wine, they were in high Fevers.

Their Wounds were so foul and full of proud Flesh, she was forced to get a large Kettle of *Madeira* Wine heated, and ordered them to be washed before she could endure to come near them; and then cut away large Pieces of that corrupt Flesh.

One Man had his four Fingers shot from off one Hand, another his Thumb, a third half the Side of his Face, a fourth had his Arm miserably wounded by Splinters, a fifth his Thigh, and the Captain his Leg.

These Six were the worst, and they were obliged to make room for them in the Ship she was in; for there was no removing them after the Dressing was on; and also that each of them wanted Bleeding several Times. It was not without some Difficulty they could find Births to lay them in; for the Ship was a very small one, and so deeply loaded that even the Captain was obliged to lay in a Hammock.

Thus she continued with very little Rest for near three Weeks; for she had nobody to assist her but a Mulatto Girl who waited upon her, and was the only Woman on board the Ship but herself.

Providence was pleased to crown her Labour with Success; for the Care she took of them very probably saved all their Lives; and so the Surgeon of a Man of War they meet with off *Dover*, who came on board at Capt. *Marshall's* Request to visit the sick Men, acknowledged; add-

ing, had he been there he could have done no more.

The Captain of the *Operto* Ship returned Mrs. *Muilman* Thanks in the publick News-Papers, and the poor Men were almost frantic in their Gratitude. The Moment they were paid, and had received a Gratuity from their Owner, they never rested till they found out where she lodged; and for several Days continually surrounded her Lodging with Drums, Trumpets, &c.

The Joy of meeting a Ship to keep them Company to her was inconceivable; and the wounded Captain was so sensibly touched with the Fatigue and Trouble she gave herself, he left nothing in his Power undone to testify his Gratitude: Therefore, that he might take Care to preserve the Ship she was in, even at the Risque of his own, he ordered the Officers on board to croud his Ship in the Night-time with Lights, that they might see to steer after her, and to fire a Gun every Quarter of an Hour; so that, if there had been any Danger to encounter, as their Ship led the Way, it must have saved her's.

We believe few Voyages have been attended with such Variety of Incidents ^{as}
this

this last; however she looks upon it as a fortunate one: First, as it put her out of the Apprehension of being kept wandering up and down upon the Seas, till they might perish by Want, or be taken by a Privateer; and next, as it put it in her Power to give the necessary Assistance to those poor, distressed, wounded People.

The Gentlemen we have just mentioned, Mr. *Bendish* and *Neomans*, spared no Pains to solicit her on Capt. *Marshall's* Behalf: In fine, there was one Consideration which at last wrought upon her; and that was, as it would take the Bread infallibly out of his Mouth, it must also ruin a poor Wife and Family who were innocent; and that Consideration alone prevailed with her to be silent.

Her Stay in *England* was but three Months and some odd Days; which Time she employed in settling some Affairs she was commissioned by *Worthy* to transact; and the last Day of *June* she embarked on board a *New-England* Ship bound to *Boston*; and with her, four Servants, viz. a Mulatto Woman, who waited upon her from *Jamaica*; a Negro Man Servant; a White Man Servant; and a little Mulatto Boy.

When she parted with *Worthy*, his Resolution was to have joined her at *New-York*; but as the War prevented many Ships going to *Jamaica*, who used in Time of Peace to traffic to that Island, it occasioned a great Stagnation in the Sugar Trade, for want of Ships to send it home. Therefore, as *Worthy* had a vast Quantity lying upon his Hands, he desired she would give Directions to Mr. *Simson Levy*, whom he sometimes employed as a Factor, to charter a Ship on his Account, and send it to *Jamaica*; but that he should order it to touch at *New-York*, and carry over some Household Furniture, and other Things necessary for them, as they intended to stay for the most Part in *New-England*; and *Worthy* to go to *Jamaica* once in three or four Years to visit his Estate there.

This Ship he desired she would go over in, and after it landed her at *New-York*, it was to take in Shads, Mackarel, Herrings, Flour, Butter, Hoop Staves, and whatever other necessary Provision that Country afforded for his Plantation; and to go directly to *Jamaica*, which they do from the Continent of *America* in a very few Days.

Accordingly,

Accordingly, upon her Arrival, Mr. *Simson Levy* did charter a Ship called the *Lovely Harry*, and gave the Command of her to one Mr. *Lang*, who was the Mate of Capt. *Marshall's* Ship (which was called the *Ann Galley*) and brought her from *Jamaica*; and this Mr. *Levy* did purely to recompence that Man for his Prudence and Conduct during the Voyage; for if it had not been for him and the other Officers, the Sailors, who had mutinied three several times, would infallibly have destroyed the Captain, finding he had run away from the Convoy, and had not three Weeks Water on board the Ship.

This, with his ridiculous Behaviour to Mrs. *Muilman*, had enraged them so much, that, as before-mentioned, one Evening, when he went upon Deck, they got round him and hussel'd him, as the Sailors term it, among them, so that they raised him up, and getting him almost over the Ship-side, would certainly have thrown him over, had not the Mate, Boatswain, and Carpenter, hearing an Outcry, ran to his Assistance, and prevented them: After which, this Mate was obliged almost constantly to keep upon Deck, and when off his Watch, instead of going to his Hammock, wrapt

himself up in his Watch-Coat and an old Sail, and slept upon Deck, and never without Fire Arms about him; but as Capt. *Marshall* was one of the Owners of the Ship himself, and Mr. *Ewer* of *Flatton-Garden* the other, it cannot be imagined *Marshall* would give him a Gratuity for fear of making the Cause publick: Therefore, it was the more incumbent upon her to do it, who might have been much worse off had the common Sailors become Masters of the Ship; for it is hard to say, what in that Case would have been the Consequence.

Every thing belonging to our Apologist was put on board the *Lovely Harry*, this new-chartered Ship; and they were within ten Days Sailing, when likewise she would have had the Pleasure of a very amiable young Lady's Company, who was going to *New-York* to her Uncle: But upon Receipt of *Worthy's* Letter to desire she would come to *Boston*, she removed all her Wearing Cloaths, Sea Stock, &c. from on board the *Lovely Harry*, and took her Passage in a Ship called the *Elizabeth*, of which Mess. *Schaffer* and *Sewel* were Owners, and commanded by one *Benjamin Hammes*.

Worthy,

Worthy, having altered his Mind as to their Place of Residence, wrote to her not to come by *New-York*, but directly to *Boston*, which she accordingly did; but as these Voyages are not made in a Day or a Week, it took her up a great deal of Time; and it was the Tenth of *October* before she landed in *New-England*.

The Ship went North about to avoid the Privateers, with which the Sea swarmed; and, by her Account, it was one sure Way; for the Weather at that Time of the Year is so very tempestuous in the North Seas, it is almost a Miracle how any Ship can live in them.

They met with four or five most violent Storms, and of long Continuance; so that when they got into *Boston*, the Ship was almost a Wreck. The Captain however was a careful, sober, good sort of Man, of about forty Years of Age, and had a Wife and Family at *Boston*; from which Place he constantly traded: Nor was there any other Uneasiness to combat with than stormy Weather; which indeed, any body who has been ever at Sea, we believe will admit to be Fatigue enough.

When she landed, the first News she heard was, that *Worthy* was gone to *New-York*,

York, which is above four hundred Miles from *Boston*.

But we should have premised to our Readers, that, before she left *England*, some busy People in *Jamaica*, who called themselves her Friends, wrote to her that, as soon as she had left that Island, *Worthy* had began an Amour with a young Lady; that she was with Child by him; and that she gave out, she was his Wife.

Our Apologist, whose Soul was wrapt up in her dear *Worthy*, heard this News with an Agitation of Mind that threw her almost into Madness: But, as by the same Ship those Letters came, she received a most affectionate one from him, telling her how to conduct herself when she landed in *New-England*; and also informing her he was to embark the next Day on board a Man of War for *Boston*, she was greatly relieved; and when she came to recollect, persuaded herself it was impossible the Stories which had been wrote her from *Jamaica* could be true, and then resolved she would believe nothing to his Prejudice, till she could hear his Justification from his own Mouth; though, before her Departure, she had some very disagreeable Confirmations, that
all

all was not as she had left it on the other Side.

However, maugre all her Doubts, she was resolved to fulfil the solemn Promise she had given him to return ; and had no Reason to doubt of the kindest Reception, having to the utmost fulfilled every Commission he had given her that could make her Return agreeable. But when she landed, and found *Worthy* was gone about a Month before to *New-York*, all her Agonies of Mind revived.

She took however the very Lodgings he had gone out of, and by Degrees found out the Meaning of this strange Irresolution..

She is fully convinced, the Story that was so industriously wrote her of his Amour from *Jamaica* was false ; and is very well assured the same People laboured as much as it was possible to give him an ill Opinion of her ; and, by what happened after, one would imagine they had but too well succeeded.

But that was not really the Case ; for when *Worthy* landed at *Boston*, the first Thing he did was to inquire out a fit House for them to reside in, and was actually in Treaty with the Gentleman who owned it ; when, on a sudden, the Resolution,

lution was taken to go to *New-York*, which, upon examining narrowly into, our Apologist found to be no other than this.

The present Governor of that Town and Province is one S——, a *Bristol* Man, who pretends to be a distant Relation of *Worthy's* Mother. Their Families (we believe) might be of the same Name.

This Man is a low-bred, haughty, ignorant Fellow, was brought up an Attorney, not of the *biggest* but of the *lowest Class*. Indeed, though her Resentment is very great against him, we think it is needless to stigmatize him with any other Name :—— *Low Attorney* is sufficient ; but as this *Piece of Mockery upon Government* thought fit to busy himself in a most extraordinary Manner about her, we cannot help giving an historical Account of him.

After making the most of his Profession at *Bristol*, when he was over Head and Ears in Debt, and *every Way qualified*, he *transported himself to America* with a Wife and six or seven Children ; where he landed without being worth as much Money in the World as would buy each of them a Pair of Shoes.

However,

However, by the Dint of an uncommon Assurance, he worked himself into a little Business ; and as soon as he was tolerably settled, began to lay Schemes to supplant the then Governor, who was a Gentleman of unblemished Character, and most deservedly revered by the *New-England* People in general, who were never known to be more happy than when under his Government.

But that he might be seconded in this base Attempt by some leading People of a caballing Spirit (for there are of these to be found in every Country) he pretended he would make use of the extraordinary Interest he had at *London* with a great Lord, to put a Man of Fortune of that Country into the Government ; but never hinted his real Design was to get himself in ; and by this Pretence they were prevailed on to support him with Money for the Prosecution of the Affair.

When his Plots were tolerably ripe for Execution, he sent his Wife over to *England* : She was a good Figure, and had an uncommon Share of Understanding : Therefore, long tutored by such an *honest*, able Preceptor, she was the fittest Woman in the World to send on an Embassy of this kind ; and Ladies, who go
resolved

resolved to refuse *nothing* to Great Men, have a Right to all they can ask; especially, when it is *to gild an ugly sprouting Ornament* they graft upon a certain Place of their Husband's Heads, by learned *Anatomists* yclept *Os Frontis*; but what we shall humbly content ourselves to denote by the vulgar Name of *Forehead*.

In fine, by these sort of Condescensions, the Intrigues against poor Governor B---r were so artfully managed by the Husband and Wife, and a few ignorant People whom they had inveigled into their Party, that he was dismissed his Employment, and, by the Power of the aforesaid *Great Man*, was *worthily* succeeded by the *notedly-honest*, and no less *wise*, Bristol *Attorney*.

Madam was however prevailed with to continue her Visits to this great Lord, who was so well pleased with them and her Person, he prevailed upon her to continue in *England* upwards of three Years; and in the mean Time, as we have just hinted, made her Husband Governor, that the Lucre of his Employment might soften the Rigour of three lonely, cold, uncomfortable Winters he was obliged to pass without her, and two of them after the Government was given him.

In

In this Situation was our *Attorney*, when *Worthy* landed at *Boston*, whom he was highly delighted to receive and acknowledge for a Kinsman; not so much it is pretended from any violent Regard for his Cousin, as from the very pardonable Pride of desiring to be thought allied to so good a Family.

But, it is not improbable another Reason, no less powerful, might be discovered without the Spirit of Divination, co-operating in this cordial Reception. The Governor had Daughters, one of which he flattered himself he should be able to persuade his new Cousin to take off his Hands.

But when he understood how closely *Worthy* was engaged with our Apologist, he spared no Pains that Art could invent to endeavour to break off their Intimacy; for, *poor, honest Man!* he never conceived there could be any Difficulty in separating a Man and a Woman who had the most unreserved Confidence in, and truest Affection for, one another; and who had lived some Years together in the most uninterrupted Harmony: Nor did it ever enter his Head, that a Man should be under the least Obligation to, a *Woman* who could make two such Voyages, to follow him so many thousand Leagues in the

the Midst of a War.---No, no; that was all nothing: Every tender Tie was to be instantly dissolved, every Obligation absorbed, in the very *high* Honour an Alliance with this great and mighty Governor would be; from whom, in all Probability, he might receive by way of Fortune, a large Handful of *New-England* Paper-Currency; which, upon the *Exchange* of *London*, would be considered perhaps almost as valuable as Waste-Paper.

This was the *good Governor's* Scheme; and one of the first Things to be thought on was to contrive, if possible, to prevent their Meeting: For he was apprehensive it would not be quite so easy a Matter to part them when once they had met.

To this End he meditated a very cunning, well-concerted Pretence of sending him, in Company with some other Gentlemen, to *New-York*; and this Journey was taken so late in the Year, that before it was possible for him to return, the Winter came in, and the Snows fell, which equally blocked up her Passage to him.

When they came to an Anchor, and the Captain was going to make his Report to the Governor, he asked her by what Name she would be given in.

She

She replied, *Worthy*; for, as she was informed he was gone to *New-York*, she was determined not to expose herself to any Insults that might be offered her, under the Denomination of being *Worthy's* Mistress, when he was not present himself to protect her; and we believe it will hereafter be admitted, it was no unwise Precaution.

She had not been landed above two Hours, and in her Lodgings, before this great and mighty Governor sent a solemn, grave, wise-looking Fellow to her, who informed her Servants he had brought a Letter from the Governor to her.

Upon this, she ordered he might be admitted.

After a most formal, puritanic Speech, he delivered her a Letter open, and informed her the Contents were not unknown to him; and that this Letter was to apprize her, if she assumed to herself *Worthy's* Name, the Governor would prosecute her according to Law.

Her Heart was so full that it left her Tongue but little Power of Speech, but at last collecting all her Fortitude together, this *clock-worked Messenger* having ended his long Harangue, worded in pretty unpolite Terms, she told him very coolly,
that

that as to what Name she thought fit to take upon her, or her Reasons for so doing, she could not bring herself to understand she was in any Shape accountable to Governor S——: However, that he might be convinced her Intention was to give a categorical Answer to his extraordinary Menaces, she begged he would inform him, that her Resolution was to continue to go by the Name of *Worthy*, in Defiance of his Power; and added, *by way of Consolation to him*, her Reasons for so doing were, that she was really *Worthy's* Wife: For when she perceived that Governor S—— thought fit to menace her with his Power, she immediately resolved with herself not to give up that Point upon any Terms; and so far it answered her End, that nobody scrupled to visit her; and she appeals to all the Inhabitants of that Place, without Exception, for her Conduct, or whether she ever did or acted one Tittle there, but what was strictly conformable to the Dignity and Honour becoming the Character a Woman should support, who merits the Happiness of being *Worthy's* Wife.

She acknowledges, with the utmost Gratitude, the great Civilities she received from the Inhabitants; and, in particular,

cular, the *Vassel* Family, both Brothers and Sisters.

Here it would be little conformable to the Justice she would endeavour to do both her Friends and Enemies, if we were to omit what she says in particular of Col. *John Vassel*.

That Gentleman came from *New-York* about a Week after she arrived at *Boston*, where he had just parted with *Worthy*, and hearing that his Lady was come to *Boston*, he came immediately to see her; but had before heard of the Governor's Treatment of her, and when he had paid her the usual Civilities, he said he was extremely sorry that any thing disagreeable, or contrary to her Expectations, had happened since her Arrival in that Country: That, however others might think proper to behave, *Worthy* was his Countryman and Friend, and a Gentleman he had so great a Regard for, he should take upon him to act in this Particular, as he was sure the generous *Worthy* would do by any Lady belonging to him, whom he might happen to meet deserted and friendless in a strange Country; therefore, he begged she would, with the greatest Freedom, command his Pocket, Equipage, House, or any thing he was Master of: "For which

which (continued he) I am not in the least Doubt, I shall hereafter receive the Thanks of my Friend."

Our Apologist was quite confounded at such Professions of Generosity, and thanked him in Terms full of the highest Respect and Gratitude.

The whole Time she continued there this Gentleman and his Family constantly visited her; and she received every Civility and Friendship from him the kindest Brother could have done her.

This the wise, good-natured Governor, who before hated this Gentleman and all his Family, took care to improve to his general Purpose, by giving out that Col. *Vassel's* Professions of Friendship to *Worthy* were no other than to cover his amorous Designs upon our Apologist; and also, that they were favoured by her; though she does most solemnly aver, there is nothing so monstrously untrue; for that during the whole Time she staid there, that Gentleman never mentioned any thing to her, whereby she had Reason to imagine or conclude he had any other Designs upon her, than what a Man of the strictest Honour on Earth might have had for a Sister.

Is it at all unnatural or improbable, that a well-bred Man, and a Man of strict Honour, should be capable of such an Act of disinterested Friendship? — No, surely!—and though we have been obliged, for the most Part, to complain of the general ill Treatment she has met with from Mankind, we would, on the other Hand, do every Justice in our Power to the good and honourable Part of them.

She is extremely mortified to think there can be such a Spirit of Malignity found in the World, that the Moment a Gentleman attempts to take the Part of a Woman, be she ever so great an Object of Pity, that generous Compassion should be construed into amorous Designs or base Sensuality; as though it were impossible Esteem and Friendship could subsist between the Sexes, or that Men were incapable of any disinterested or generous Actions to a Woman.

We admit it is too, too often the Case; and that Reward we Men are apt to expect as a Price of our Friendship to the Ladies, we must confess to be the most base, degenerate Part of our Character.—Why are Women to be shut out from the real Comforts to be found in Friendship?
It

It is not because their gentle Natures are less susceptible of that noble Passion than ours; and we every Day meet with Proofs of their Sincerity to what they love and esteem, infinitely surpassing any thing we hear or read of among Men.

But the Truth is, the Moment we come to have such a Degree of Confidence with them, that they venture to tell us their Thoughts, the next Thing we aim at is the Possession of their Persons; and this being eternally the Consequence, it becomes dangerous and impracticable for a Woman to make a Friendship with us; and I am not sure we are not the Losers in this Case, for there is, I am convinced, infinite Satisfaction to be found in the Conversation of a *worthy, sensible Female Friend*.

However, our Apologist does most solemnly declare, every Act of Civility she received from Colonel *Vassel* in *New-England*, was upon no other Terms than his Friendship to *Worthy*, and that he never opened his Lips to her while she was there, with any the most distant Hint that could be called of the amorous Kind; and though that Gentleman is in his Grave, this is a Piece of Justice she thinks herself bound in Honour to do his Memory.

She

She is so sensible of the Use his Friendship was to her while there, there is nothing allied to him but I am sure she would, if they wanted, be ready to share her last Shilling with.

The good Governor however did all he could to lay her low in the Opinion of the People, and prevent her being visited and taken Notice of.

But her Party was greatly too strong for his, and she never failed, supported with her usual Spirit, to treat his *Greatness*, wherever they happened to meet, with that profound Contempt he deserved from her; and, by what I can find, his *Excellency*, got but very little Honour in the Dispute.

But all this Time her Heart was upon the Rack; for, put what Face she could upon it, she was almost distracted to think *Worthy*, whether by Design or Heedlessness, could have acted so unkind a Part.

Several of her best Friends would have prevailed on her to pass the Winter at *Boston*, and wait till the Weather would permit *Worthy* to come there; and she admits it to be the wrongest Step she ever took, not to have followed their Advice: But, fired with Resentment at her Treatment,

ment, and quite in Despair, she took her Passage in a little Ship called a Bilander, loaded down to the Water's Edge, which must necessarily expose her to great Fatigues and Dangers ; for, as the Ship was so very small, the Accommodations were bad, and a Winter-Passage from *America* is hardly ever made without the utmost Danger.

Indeed, she freely acknowledges, the Hopes of Death were her only Reason for undertaking a Voyage under these Circumstances : But it seems we are not to die when we most desire it, or it would have been impossible that Ship could have weathered the Storms she came home in ; for, from the Time they lost Sight of the Light-House, it blew one continued severe hard Gale from the North and North-North-West, till they came into the *Downs* ; so that during the Space of forty-six Days they were at Sea, they were not able to carry a Sail forty-six Hours ; but with the Ship laying to, and the Sea continually making a free Passage over her, they drove the whole Way, scarce able to keep a Candle lighted even between Decks.

For several Days together they found it impossible to boil the Pot with the Mens Provisions ;

Provisions; though the poor Souls were forced to pump Half-hour and Half-hour, the Captain not accepted, to keep her above Water; and with all that Labour the Pumps were so bad and choaked up, they never could get it under enough to keep so little as five Feet Water in the *Hold*.

The Captain was a most diligent and experienced Officer, and a very good-natured, civil Man; and, she says, has frequently stood the Deck for sixteen Hours together. Therefore it may with great Justice be said, that to his extraordinary Care and Skill they were all indebted for their Preservation,

At length, they happily, and we cannot help saying miraculously, arrived at *Deal*; and the next Day she set forward on her Journey to *London*.

In the *Promised Justification* we were under a Necessity to set forth most of the Occurrences, which happened to her immediately after her Arrival, and her taking Lodgings at *Whitehall*; where inward Grief and Vexation brought her into a very low State of Health, which, being attended by a Fever, was very near bringing her the Consolation by Death she so much wished for.

Thus she continued for above a Year, during which she never slept at one Time so long as an Hour together; and her Blood was so impoverished with Illness, when they bled her it left no sort of Redness on any Linen that was made Use of; and whenever she took the Air, a Chairman was obliged to carry her up and down Stairs in his Arms.

At last, by the indefatigable Care of a tender Sister, she began a little to recover; and as soon as her Health would permit her to take any Care of her Business, the first Thing she thought of was to revive the Suit against Mr. *M——n*.

To this End she employed Mr. *O——E——*, one of the Sixty Clerks in *Chancery*, to get the Papers together; which, as soon as Mr. *M——n* was informed of, he made use of as a Solicitor Mr. *G——W——*; who, having one Day entered into Conversation with her Clerk in Court, proposed to him, that they would try if they could not find out Means to compromise Matters between their Clients: To which Mr. *E——* consented.

Accordingly there were several Meetings had, which was only a Pretence to gain Time, till he had strictly informed himself in what Condition her Circumstances

stances were; and finding he had nothing to apprehend from them, after keeping the Thing in Agitation about six Months, at last broke off by making her some trifling inconsiderable Offer, which he was well assured she would never accept of: For at that Time had she had Money, or any Friend to have stood by her, he would have been glad to come to any Terms; but, confiding in her Inability to prosecute a Cause against his opulent Fortune, he chose to expend in Law four Times the Sum that would have enabled her to live in Content and Affluence.

When she went to *Jamaica*, the Cause stood upon the Cross-Bill and her Answer, which they had taken Exceptions to for *Insufficiency*: Therefore, the first Thing she did, was to put in another Answer; which was to be brought before the Master for his Report, whether sufficient or not.

Here we cannot help remarking the Corruption which is, almost universally, crept not only into the Morals of Mankind, but their general Opinion of Things: — What a World do we live in! when he is esteemed the *ablest Lawyer* who, by all the *Tricks, Shifts, Arts, and Chicanery* of the Law, is able to battle a bad

Cause out the longest? And so prevalent is the Power of Money, the Person who Mr. *M——n* employed in his Affairs, though esteemed by every body that knows him to be a Man of as fair a Character as any in the Profession; yet in her Cause he absolutely condescended to play all the little *Tricks* and *Shifts* of a *Newgate Solicitor*.

By means of these Subterfuges and Evasions, she was above two Years before she was able to get a Report; for when a Warrant was taken out, and the Parties were to attend at Five, nobody appeared till after Six; and then it was either a Message from the Council (who is Mr. *M——n*'s Brother-in-Law) or the Solicitor, to beg the Master would be so good as to excuse the *Council*, who had a Cause in *Chancery* or some other *No-Business* that Day, and could not possibly attend.

If the Council was ready, the Solicitor was ill, or *bad a Cause elsewhere*.

At other Times Mr. *W.* would promise to take a Warrant out for the next Attendance, as it came in his Turn; and, if he kept his Word (which seldom happened, for he generally chose to forget it) he would take it out three or four Days later than he agreed to do.

In

In fine, thus was she played off and amused by these Gentlemen: It was looked upon as, a great Point gained, *if one Warrant in six was spoken to; and then it was only to go the same Matter over and over again with all the Sophistry (indeed we had like to have said, Knavery) their Imagination could furnish.*

Very frequently the *Modification* of a Word has been the Business of a whole Attendance; for the Council's Watch was laid upon the Table by him, and he took great Care never to exceed *a Second* beyond the Hour. So that all the Benefit Mrs. *Mailman* received, by being every Attendance at above Two Guineas Expence for her Council's Fees, Solicitor, Warrant, Chair-Hire, &c. was the Pleasure of telling the Council some disagreeable Truths in the public Office, or at the Master's Chambers, which ever happened to be the Place of Attendance.

Though this is a most terrible Grievance to a Suitor, *can it be imagined a Master will be so infatuated, as to discountenance a Practice wherean the chief Profits of his Place depends?* No, surely.

Then what Remedy is there left for the Party distressed by these *iniquitous Delays?* Why, they must move the Court by their

Council, that the Master may expedite his Report, and the Parties attend *de Die in Diem*; and a Motion of this kind is seldom or ever made, *but you run the Risk of gaining the Master's Displeasure before whom your Question stands*; and no doubt that would be looked upon *as a dangerous Proceeding*; therefore, *this is an Evil without Remedy.*

She is morally convinced, if the *worthy Council* who appeared for her Adversary had at first known *the Truth of the Case*, he would have been the last Man breathing, who would have undertaken Mr. M——n's Defence; and so far our Apologist forgives him. It was not Mr. M——n's Cause that he defended, but that of Mrs. Darnel and her Children, whose Sister he had married.

Therefore, though he could not avoid seeing the true State of the Case by the Nature of the Proceedings, and must consequently be very well able to judge of the *Honesty and Integrity of his Brother-in-Law*; he nevertheless was obliged, in regard to his Lady, to support her Sister in the most effectual Manner he could.

However, these two Years Law cost our Apologist very near 600 l. which, with the Expence of supporting a large Family,

Family, lay very heavy upon her, and brought her under a *Necessity* of contracting several Debts.

But at last, in 1744, she obtained a Report in her Favour, after being obliged to put in *six or seven different Answers*; for if by any Chance there was the Word *then* instead of *than*, they battled it out to oblige her to put in *another, and then another*, till finding no Possibility of Cavil, even at a *Word*, they were obliged to give it up, after two Years and some Months close Attendance, and that *monstrous Expence*.

However, that this *summary Way of Proceeding* may not give our Readers *too high an Opinion of the Law*, they will be pleased to observe, before she went to *Jamaica*, this had been above two Years *referred* to the *Master*: Therefore, from first to last, exclusive of the Time she was abroad, this *Answer* was *five Years* attending; not that she lays the Blame upon the Master to whom it was referred; for when they at any Time attended, *and he, good old Gentleman, could keep himself awake*, he endeavoured all in his Power to understand them.

But, poor Man! had he been forty Years younger, it would not be very easy

to make their Arguments intelligible.—— How was it possible for him to comprehend, that a Man, who pretended to be so greatly injured by the Prosecution that was carrying on against him, should endeavour with so much *Art* to keep off and evade the entering into the Merits of the Cause; for surely nothing can be more *obvious* than the Advantage Mr. M——n must have obtained over this *poor distressed Woman*, if the Cause of her Complaint had been without Foundation.

The Consequence must have been the Dismission of her Bill with Costs.

And this was a Matter of too great Moment to him to be neglected, when it would have vested him with no less than the Power of *keeping her in a Jail for her Life*; and with what *Tenderness and Mercy* he would have exercised that Power, let all his previous as well as subsequent Actions declare?

It was not her Fault that the Cause between them did not come in three Months to a final Determination; and one would imagine, taking it for granted that he had Right on his Side, and as he has sworn had paid her a good and lawful Consideration for that 200 l. per Annum; which,

which, if true, must have appeared so to the Court; would he not therefore have got her Bill dismissed, and that Dismission have been attended with above a thousand Pounds Costs; besides, the Infamy that would have naturally attended her making such a Claim unjustly?

And, with all these superior Advantages to a Man who pretended his Credit and Reputation every Day suffered by such a Cause being carried on against him, we ask, How comes it he did not labour to bring it to a *fair and speedy Trial*? Oh no! *the honest, upright, unperjured Mr. M——n* knew too well what a righteous Figure he would make whenever that happened.

On whose Side the Merits were was out of the Question, and nothing considered but the Destruction Mrs. *Muilman's* Success must bring upon Mrs. *Darnel* and her Children.

The Master she believes, was an honest Man; *but not one of those Judges, who, if he could see Light through a Hedge which he was not able to pass, would jump over it.*

Mr. *M——n's* Council and Solicitor were his Neighbours; and, before any Warrant was to be attended, they generally smoked a Pipe together; and the Stories

ries they told him were so very different from what she used to tell him before their Faces the next Day, it perplexed the good old Gentleman to such a Degree, that he used to fall asleep for Relief; and when he awaked, made an Excuse for what he called shutting his Eyes to save them; and Mr. O ——— (who continued all the Time he was reposing still talking) would say ———

“ Well, Master, I believe you will be of Opinion, that this Line we have been arguing, viz.

And this Deponent at that Time lodged at the House of Captain Burton, &c.

should stand thus: ———

And this Deponent on or about that Time was a Lodger at the House of one Captain Burton, &c.”

Pray, Reader, observe how material was this Exception——

“ I say, Master, I believe you will be of Opinion *this ought to be altered and more explained, and therefore is insufficient ;-- but as it is Six o’Clock we must refer our other Objections till the next Warrant.*”

The poor old Gentleman generally consented; for it is not to be imagined an Apothecary would be against a Repe-
titum.

Therefore,

Therefore, had she not always attended herself, and been frequently obliged to make use of some Exclamations, to open his Ears as well as his Eyes, in all human Probability this Report would not have been made till after the *Jubilee*.

The next Farce to be acted was to solicit for her Report; which, when obtained, though not without the usual *Chicanery, Delays, and Expence*, was to be carried into Court.

This found Business *for one Term*; the next they were to move to take the Injunction off from the *original Cause*, and set it down for Hearing.

But as that must come in Course, perhaps there might be *so few* as 150 Causes before it.

Therefore, if she had her usual *Indulgence*, according to their *known Expedition*, there was a bare *Possibility* of its being heard in a Year or two: For, to the very great Abuse of the Law, and often the Ruin of the Subject, during the Sessions of Parliament there can be but little or no Business done, as the *Chancellor* is generally *Speaker* of the House of Lords; and therefore, whenever he is obliged to attend that House, must, though sitting, break off in the
Middle

Middle of a Cause, without any Regard to the Inconveniency (why may we not again say, Ruin ?) it brings upon a poor Suitor, whose Cause not only goes over (*i. e.* postponed) but the Council expect *refreshing Fees* upon these Occasions ; to say nothing of *Deaths of Parties* that may happen during this Interval of Time, which must bring after them Bills of Revivor, with all the attendant Delays, with which that Court is generally so complaisant as to indulge Executors.

And the Chancellor's being Speaker is but a small Part of the Grievance.

This *great Man* is always of the Cabinet ; and *sometimes has Part of the Weight of a Prime Minister to employ him* ; and whenever his Majesty is absent from *England*, a Lord of the Regency.

How hard it is, that a Man's *superior Abilities* should reduce him to the *Necessity of taking the Charge of almost the whole Legislative Authority upon himself*, when the particular Branch for which he is so eminently well-qualified is more than sufficient for any *ordinary Man* to execute, in such Manner as the Suitors may receive no Injury from Delays, &c. &c. &c.

And,

And, as it can never be suspected that a *great Man*, who is *vested* with the first Employment in this Kingdom, the Profits of which are reputed to be no less than *Ten thousand Pounds a Year*, can accept any other from a Desire of Gain, without doubt it is a great *Hardship* upon the *Chancellor* as well as the *Suitors*, that he should be loaded and incumbered with any other than the *Business of his Court*. But some Men think they can never be over-employed in the Service of their Country.

For these Reasons chiefly the Business of that Court is hung up to such an *Eternity of Time*, not to mention the cruel, heavy Burden of the *Law-Offices*, which puts it intirely out of the Power of a *poor Person* to come at *Justice*, and gives the *Rich* that *absolute Dominion* over them.

So that, in a Country where the best Laws that ever were made subsist, they are so *corruptly* executed, that they are become our greatest *Oppressions*; while we are overrun with a Swarm of the *Vermin Ministers of it*, who loll in their Coaches, and wallow in the Spoils of a *ruined People*.

And this is the Grievance which has brought such Disreputation on that truly-honourable Court, so well calculated to mitigate

mitigate the Rigour of our Laws ; where the literal Sense of them are followed with such Exactness, they are not always conformable with the Equitable.

Indeed there is another Court which carries the Appearance of an Assistant to it ; but it is notoriously otherwise : the Master of the Rolls takes off but a trifling Part of the Business, called *Forms* ; for as his Decrees are not final, but that an Appeal lies to the Chancellor, that inferior Court only cuts out more Work for the *Sharks* or *Attornies*, call them which you please.

Upon the Whole, these are the Terrors of the Law, and the Weapons by which their Ministers destroy the People of *England*, and keep them out of their Properties from Generation to Generation.

So that *the Great-Great-Grand Children of an original Complainant, after Court and Office-Fees are paid, with the trifling Addition of the Clerk in Court, Solicitor, Bills, &c.* the poor Suitors are at last forced to drop the Cause, after the Law has *devoured* Two-thirds of the Estate, for want of Means to prosecute and recover the *very, very small* Remains.

Pray,

Pray, can any Inquisition be worse than this?—No, surely! and there would have been fewer unhappy Examples of these ruinous Litigations, had every Sufferer been candid enough to have given the Public Warning of this *Evil*, which our Apologist has done.

And if, by our exposing this *Hydra*, one in a hundred should be saved from the Ruin she has fallen into, it will be sufficient, and all the Reward she expects or desires.

Perhaps too it will warn poor innocent People who are not yet, *like her, quite undone*, to withdraw their little Remains from the Power of these *general Devourers*.

These are Abuses worthy of a *legislative Consideration*. This is the *Colossus* that they, and every Individual of this Nation, are equally interested in the reducing to its natural Proportion; for we are not now redressed in our Grievances, and secured in our Properties, so much as we are persecuted and undone by them.

And if *Sufferings* give a Privilege to complain, nobody living has a Right superior to our Apologist; who has so severely felt the Weight of Delays, and the insupportable Expence by which only
Justice

Justice is to be obtained ; and knows, to her Ruin, the *shameful* Manner in which it is *abused* and *perverted*, and the Turnings and Windings by which the most successful Client is, generally speaking, *sajoled* and *ruined*.

May not these Truths have given Rise to that very old Saying, “ That he who goes to Law, though he gains his Cause, is sure to be undone ?”

It is now Time we introduce a most extraordinary Personage in this Drama, not yet taken Notice of, Mrs. *Muilman's* Solicitor.

This Man was recommended to her by an old Woman, one Mrs. *Dejean*, whom she had formerly known by her being Servant to a Jeweller in the *Strand*; but her present Occupation, we believe, malicious People would be apt to call by the Name of *Tally-Woman*.

Though this sober Matron covered her real Occupation under the Title of a Necessary Woman, who travelled about the Streets with *French* Lace, Gloves, Flowers, Stockings, Pomatum, Paint, &c.

But as the Ladies, who used to deal with her, were not always overstocked with Money, she was frequently forced to give them Credit, which she generally did at so reasonable and conscionable an Interest

est as Five Hundred *per Cent.* or thereabouts.

And in a very remarkable Cause she once brought against an unhappy Woman, for one of these kind of Debts, she had been very successful; and having made use of one F——*, an Attorney, she strongly recommended him to our Apologist.

This is a Man who is generally reputed in the Profession to be what they call an *able Practicer*, which, we have been informed, is the *Cant* for an Attorney who is resolved to get Money.

However, this good old Lady, who had made Trial of his *Skill* and *Dexterity*, extolled him in a most extraordinary Manner to our Apologist; and withal assured her he was an *honest Man*, and one of a *very fair Character*.

Our Readers will be the less surprized at the Commendation she gave this Man, when they shall hereafter be informed what *Confidence* she reposed in him, and the Uses he made of it.

* As there are two of the Name, we beg the Reader will please to observe, we do not mean Mr. F—— of *Chancery Lane*; in whose Hands our Apologist would have thought herself happy, he being a Gentleman of an universal good Character.

At length, she sent this *F*—— to Mrs. *Muilman*, and upon talking her Affairs over to him, he told her he was very ready to serve her.

To this she consented, and gave him Orders to Call at the Six-Clerks Office upon Mr. *O*—— *E*—— for her Papers.

He then began to prosecute her Adversary with all the *seeming Diligence* that can be imagined, for some small Time: But on a sudden he *slackened* his Pace, and every Thing began to *drag heavily along*.

To this End, as one sure Way to stop her Business, when he came to know the Necessity of her Circumstances, this greedy Fellow, under Pretence of Want of Money, would not stir one Step, but as he drew large Sums from her, for *Councils Fees, Copies*, and in fine every minute Expence attending the Cause; and his Calls for Money, in Hopes to distress her, were even more than he employed, as we shall soon be able to make publick, we hope, to the Satisfaction of our Readers; at the same Time that we open a Scene to them, perhaps the most extraordinary that ever was exhibited in the Law.

Now the honest Reader will perhaps be surpris'd what should so suddenly slacken

slacken this avaritious Attorney's Pace ; whose Interest, one would have supposed, should have been to have brought this Cause to a speedy Conclusion. Therefore, here we must beg Leave to give them a Story, which we take to be *a Case in Point.*

There were two Gentlemen who were Acquaintance: The one had a large and opulent Fortune ; the other, only a younger Brother's ; but, small as it was, consisted of a Mortgage the young Gentleman's Father had upon the other's Estate.

And one Day talking together concerning the Payment of the Mortgage, the young Gentleman informed his Friend that he was building for himself a little House, which was near finished ; and that as he was under a Necessity of paying the People he had employed, he hoped the other would pay in the Mortgage-money.

To this he very readily replied, " I will give it under my Hand to pay you the Day your House is finished, if you will not trouble me before ; but give it also under yours, not to ask it till then."—— Which was as readily agreed to by the other.

Upon

Upon which they parted.

The Man of Fortune immediately sent for the Builder, and gave him a large Sum of Money to contrive so as to put bad Work into the Building, that they might be obliged to do and undo; and this for several Years together. Therefore the House was never completed.

The poor Gentleman, who was all this while distressed to the last Degree for Money, rather than starve, was obliged to take a twentieth Part of the Money due upon the Mortgage for the Whole, as he had bound himself up not to demand it till that House was finished.

The Application of this Story we presume will be easily made. *Would not this give any reasonable Creature rather a Terror than an Inclination TO BUILD or GO TO LAW?*

There is no Punishment prescribed for their wicked and corrupt *Practices*; and we are, notwithstanding we know this, under a Necessity to make Use of them, *no Man being suffered to transact his own Business*: And when any one is hardy enough to complain of these People, there is, as we have before said, no Punishment prescribed for them but such as they can *evade* and *quibble* away, or at least

least protract to such a Length of Time, that the People who prosecute for *Justice* must be ruined in the *Pursuit*, while they are acting only in their own Province.

And pray, what Justice are we to expect? Will the *Law* punish the *Law*?— Oh no!

Once perhaps in a Century there may a *W—lls* appear, who nobly despising his own private Gain, when it is to be attended by encouraging this wicked Tax upon Justice, will discountenance the Projectors.

But what is the Consequence?—Why, they appear no more before him; and will go where they can find more *Favour*; which is to say, *more profitable Delay*.

Therefore, if a dishonest Attorney should think fit to betray his Clients, sell them to their Adversaries, do every thing in their Cause that is contrary to their Interests, pray what Remedy have they? Why, to employ another *Attorney* to call him to an Account, who will do the very same *ad infinitum*.

At length however Mrs. *Muilman's* Cause was set down for Hearing: But, some few Days before it was to have come on, as the last Delay it was in her *Attorney's*

ney's Power to give her, he wrote her a Letter, that her Briefs were of an immense Length; and that in order to pay for them he must have *Forty Guineas before he could deliver them.*

This he, at that Time, supposed would be a Sum very difficult for her to raise; at least, Time enough to bring on her Cause in its Turn: So that the least Damage that could happen by this Loss of Time to her was, that when it came to be set down again, it must perhaps take its Turn after 150 other Causes; which, according to the *usual Dispatch of Business*, would put her back a Year, or a Year and a Half.

But, contrary to his Expectation, she sent the *Forty Guineas* he demanded; and, as this was complying with the only Thing he thought next to an *Impossibility* to her, he had no Pretence left; but was at last forced to send her the Briefs, which were indeed of a most *enormous* Length.

But there was no Time to lose: Her Cause was to come on in eight or ten Days; but as it was a Matter of no small Consequence to her, and having no great Reason to put so much Confidence in her *Attorney* as to bring it on without first appointing a Meeting of her Council,

Council, to consider with them whether every thing had been done that was proper before the Hearing came on, she waited on them all with her Briefs, with which she gave them near 100 *l.* and begged they would be so good as to meet in Consultation ; which they accordingly did at Mr. S—— G——'s Chambers ; and her Attorney was appointed to attend them, but did not chuse to appear there.

Upon looking over the Briefs and Papers, what, Readers ! must be her Astonishment, when they all unanimously informed her, that there had been no one Step taken which could be of any real Service to her Cause ? That her Attorney had managed her Cause so ill she could not recover ; for that, instead of going round about to prove she was under Age when Mr. M——*n* got the Deed from her, they were only to have brought Proof that 700 *l.* was no valuable Consideration for 200 *l.* a Year for her Life ? which might easily have been done ; for Col. *Duncomb* was then alive, who had ordered Mr. *Mead*, the Banker at *Temple-Bar*, to offer 2000 *l.* if she would dispose of it for her Life, at the Time she wanted to borrow the Money that Mr. M——*n* lent her.

Therefore,

Therefore, that Gentleman's Evidence was all she wanted ; and though this was the only Thing really necessary, her Attorney never once mentioned it to her, or took any Step towards it ; though it is very plain, had she been but ten Years of Age, and Mr. M——n had given her a valuable Consideration, no Court of Equity would have relieved her.

Therefore, now she had no Remedy left but to pay Costs, and bring a new Bill ; which if she did properly manage, they (her Council) were certain there was no sort of Doubt of her recovering her 200 *l.* a Year, and all the Arrears due thereon, exclusive of the 700 *l.* she had borrowed of Mr. M——n.

And this only Remedy that was left her, it was not in her Power to take, without paying upwards of 1200 *l.* Costs, before she could be at Liberty to bring a new Bill ; and had then perhaps sixteen Years Law to go through, before she had the least Probability of bringing it to a Hearing.

But such, and such only, was the Relief which, at an immoderate Expence, the *Law*, on whose Protection her insupportable Distress had relied, was able to afford her ; and though nothing has ever yet

yet appeared that could invalidate, foil, or set aside the Justice of her Complaints; yet, by the *Ingenuity* and *Corruption* of her own Solicitor, her Cause was so clouded and huddled between a Heap of Proceedings that were quite unnecessary and ought never to have been, and those very few that were necessary neglected, she was as far distant from the Relief she sought, as the Moment she began; and after so many Years Plague and Trouble and many Thousand Pounds Expence, desperate as this Remedy may seem, it was the only one left her.

How much more charitable does the cruel Inquisitor appear, when that *compassionate* Judge delivers over to the secular Arm a *poor Heretic*, who he is sure will broil alive, *notwithstanding all his Christian Exhortations, that the miserable Wretch may be used with the greatest Mercy: the Nature of his unhappy Case will admit?*

What a Situation our unhappy Apologist must be in, let those imagine who have not yet out-lived the tender Sensations of Compassion, and whose Souls can be touched with Humanity enough to feel another's Distress: Nothing surely could exceed her's; for she had it no more

in her Power to pay that Cost, than to give herself an Empire : So that now she was absolutely in Mr. *M——n*'s Power.

When the Rest of her Council, withdrew, Mr. *S—— G——*, who always behaved in the genteelest and most friendly Manner to her, on talking the Affair over, told her, that he was extremely sorry this Cause had been so basely managed ; and that for his Part he could not tell whether her Attorney had most shewn the Want of Skill or Integrity : In fine, he asked her, if she was able to pay the Cost ? in Answer to which, she very ingenuously told him her Circumstances.

If that is the Case, Madam, replied he, all I can advise you is, to endeavour to compromise it in the best Manner you can with Mr. *M——n* : And added, that if she consented he would speak to Mr. *O——* upon the Affair, and try what was to be done.

Mrs. *Muilman* thanked this Gentleman for his kind Intentions, and assured him she had so high an Opinion of his Integrity and Honour, that whatever he should agree to in her Name, she would faithfully ratify ; and having taken her Leave, returned to her Lodgings almost
dead

dead with Grief, to think not only what was to become of herself and her poor disconsolate Family, but also of the People who had given her Credit, upon the Dependence of her Success in this Cause.

She had very little Reason to expect Mr. M——n would not now act by her, conformable to all his former unwearied Severity; and what a Prospect that must set before her, is needless to say.

The next Day she received a Letter from Mr. S—— G——, to inform her, all that Mr. M——n could be brought to, was to give her Five hundred Pounds, and release her from the Costs, upon Condition she would sign general Releases to him.

What a Proposal this must be to her, who but the Week before had expended in that Cause above a Hundred and Fifty Pounds, let any one imagine! Can there be a stronger Picture of this Man's *Wickedness and impenetrable Avarice?*

Either she had a Right to the whole Demand or to no Part; and if the first, will any Man wonder *her good Husband* would *swear, forswear, suborn, and administer composing Draughts*; or in fine, do any thing,

thing, be it ever so supernaturally wicked, if he finds it conducive to his Interest?

However, mean as these Proposals were, she sent immediately for some of her chief Creditors, and also to Mr. O—— E——, her Clerk in Court, to consult with them what they thought most advisable to be done.

Mr. E—— strenuously insisted on her accepting of this Proposal, at the same Time telling her, he would advise her to appoint a Meeting with her Creditors at her Lodgings, and to pay the Money among them in just Proportions as far as it would go, upon Condition they would sign general Releases; *for*, says this Gentleman, *they can expect no more from you than your All*; at the same Time promising to attend with them to settle Matters, so as to clear her with the World.

To this she consented; and assured him she would inform him the Moment the Time was fixed for the Payment of the Money.

Having thus determined, she wrote to Mr. S—— G——, to tell him she accepted of their Proposal.

Accordingly there were Orders given for the proper Instruments to be drawn, which she was to sign for his (M——n's) Security,

Security, which after some Days Consultation, were got ready, and an Appointment made for her signing them and receiving the Money.

We beg our Readers will now be attentive.

It was not sufficient, that by the *treacherous* Mismanagement of her Cause, she was reduced to a Necessity of accepting such a Trifle as Five hundred Pounds for a just Demand of Two hundred Pounds a Year, and above Four thousand Pounds Arrears; but *these People* (*M——n* and his Adherents) after intirely ruining her, thought it was still too much to leave her the Privilege of breathing in Liberty; and to prevent it in the most effectual Manner they were able, it was most *basely* contrived among them, that her own Solicitor, *bonest F——*, should bring an Action against her for his Fees and *Disbursements*, without ever having delivered her a Bill, though there is an exprefs Law for that Purpose, and which subjects an Attorney to the severest Penalties; who arrests a Client without personally delivering a Bill signed forty Days before he can be at Liberty to sue.

But *Law, Equity, Justice, Humanity*, and every thing was to be broken through,

when the Point in View was to distress and ruin her ; and Mr. *M——n*, who knew too well he had nothing for it but to keep her down, and the Cause from appearing before any Court, though he could not avoid giving her *something*, was nevertheless apprehensive that even this small Sum of *Five hundred Pounds* would leave her offensive Arms, which, well employed, might bring him to Justice.

Therefore, it was absolutely necessary for them to contrive Means to tear it from her the Moment it was in her Possession ; and they had but one Way of doing this, which was by the Means of her own Solicitor ; nor could any one but *such an Attorney* be capable of *such an Action*.

Accordingly, while she sat in the Room at the *Blue-Posts Tavern* in *Portugal Street, Lincolns Inn-Fields*, where she went in order to sign a Release to Mr. *M——n*, and receive this Five hundred Pounds, Mr. *W——n*'s little Clerk was sent out of the Room to inform *F——* that all was ready ; and this he has had the Impudence to boast, in her Sister's Hearing, cost him no less than Twenty Guineas as a Reward to the Younger.

Immediately the Room in which she was sitting was surrounded with Bailiffs and

and their Followers; for her *honest Attorney* not only arrested her at his own Suit, but by his Instigation there were two or three other Actions brought against her at the same Moment.

In this Horror of Mind, with a dozen Bailiffs and their Followers about her, Mr. *M——n's* Solicitor, who, *poor honest Gentleman!* was to be sure innocent of all this; for no doubt *F——* knew by *Inspiration* where and when they were to meet; yet, I say, in the midst of this terrible Agitation of Mind, did he produce the Writings to her, which, as they would take by the most moderate Computation above six Hours to read, one would naturally suppose at least, if they meant her fairly, ought to have been sent her the Day before for her Perusal; for she always promised and never would have objected to the signing any thing that was fair and honest according to her Agreement.

But, no; — she was to be according to Custom hurried into the signing any thing they were pleased to produce, without a Moment's Time to consider what Consequence they were to her.

Mr. *W——* indeed gave the Papers to her, and desired her to read them; and no doubt, in the Dread and Horror of

Mind she was, she could be a most competent Judge of their Contents; for the Moment she came into the Room, she saw a Guilt in all their Faces that but too evidently convinced her she was to be betrayed in some Shape or other.

But she was under a Necessity of either signing or not receiving the Money, and of either going to Jail or paying the Money.

Sad Choice as it was yet she had no other! and had they brought her own Dead-Warrant to her, the signing that would have seemed far less terrible to her than the Thoughts of a Prison.

She therefore instantly signed them, and with that Money discharged her *horrid Attendants*.

And, as well as she can remember, the first Thing she signed was a Power for them to appoint a Proctor to withdraw their joint Appeal from before the Delegates.

The next, was a Bond to bind herself under a Thousand Pounds Penalty not to revive the Suit in *Chancery* again.

Pray, Readers, were not these mere Works of Supererogation? What had the honest Mr. M——n to dread, so often as you see he has sworn, first, that she

she is not his Wife ; and next, that he had fairly purchased that Deed of Settlement from her for a full and valuable Consideration ; namely *Seven hundred Pounds* : And did it not shew the *utmost Charity, Compassion, and Goodness of Heart* in this Man, whom she had been *persecuting* at Law above fifteen Years, and had put to above Twenty thousand Pounds Expence ; yet all at once, when it seems he had her absolutely in his Power, to come and give her Five hundred Pounds, only to sign *two or three Papers* ; and afterwards, to save her the *Trouble and Hazard of carrying home this huge Sum, to take such special Care of disposing it so much to her Advantage* ?

Readers ! without any Animadversion of our's, judge for yourselves. We would only ask, If, before, you ever read such a Scene of wounding Oppression and Villainy ?

But to proceed :

The third Paper they produced was a general Release ; and when she came to sign a Receipt for the Five hundred Pounds, she was informed, that it was proper for Mr. M——n's Security that Two hundred Pounds of the Money should still continue in Mr. W——n's Hands,

Hands, till after the Appeal before the Delegates was dismissed, for fear she should still meditate further Opposition.

To this it was too late for her to object, as she had signed the rest; and the Terrors of a Jail were so dreadful to her, she had no other Consideration in View than only getting out of the Room, and once more returning to her Lodgings, for fear of any other Action being brought against her; for now, as they had intirely frustrated her Design of distributing the Money she received among her Creditors, they had also deprived her of all Prospect of gaining her Liberty; as the three or four who arrested her, and had dragged that Three hundred Pounds out of her Hands, made not One-fourth Part of the People she was indebted to: Therefore, it could not be imagined the rest would consent to receive the Remainder and discharge her.

However, even this she was forced to comply with, and yield to leave the Two hundred Pounds in Mr. *W——n's* Hands; and having received the Three hundred Pounds, left a Bank Note for Two Hundred in one of the Bailiffs Hands, to answer the Demands her Attorney had upon her, which could not be ascertained

ascertained till he made out his Bill; and having discharged the two other Actions with the rest of the Money, in a Word, got rid of these *Ministers of Horror*.

After they were gone, Mr. *W*— pretended to exclaim greatly against her Attorney, and called him a thousand Villains; assuring her, that if she would move the Court of Chancery against him, he would not only be obliged to deliver her a Bill to account for the Money he had received, but would be also severely punished for arresting her contrary to Law.

But, Madam, says this *honest Gentleman*, now we have ended, I must tell you there is one Favour I am to ask of you at the Request of Mr. *M*—; and that is, that you will be so good as not to go by his Name, because that gives frequent Matter of Disquiet to the Lady he has married; which if you will oblige him in, you shall command any thing he can do for you in Return.

To which she replied, I have no Objection to the going by my own Name; but since he puts it upon the Foot of an Obligation, the first and only Thing he can oblige me in, is, to contrive to make Mr. *S*— *G*— some Recompence
for

for the extraordinary Trouble he has put himself to in this Affair.

That, replied he, I am sure Mr. *M——* will readily do, which ever Way you direct. Would you please, continued he, it should be in Money.

No, returned she, I do not believe Mr. *S—— G——* would accept it in that Shape.

Then, Madam, assure yourself, replied he, it shall be done by a very handsome Present ; and, on your Part, I see you have no Watch, Mr. *M——* I will undertake shall make you a Present of a very handsome one.

Here she took her Leave, and went trembling down the Stairs, every Moment expecting her Chair to be stopt by a new Set of Bailiffs.

Whether or no Mr. *W——* kept his Word as to Mr. *S—— G——*, she cannot say ; but if she is to form a Belief by the Manner of performing it with her, Mr. *G——* is nothing the richer for his Present.

When she came to claim his Offer to her of the Watch, he had the *Modesty* to deny he ever made her such a Promise.

Indeed she has experienced that these Animals have very docile Memories, retaining

taining nothing they would choose to forget. Therefore, we hope, Reader, this will be a Hint to you to take an Attorney's Promise always under his Hand-Writing.

Thus was this poor disconsolate Woman, by Treachery, compelled to renounce all Claim to her just Demands; and, our Readers will perceive, for a Consideration something resembling *Esau's* in Value; though we read no where that the Purchaser of his Birth-right brought the Bailiffs into the Room to sup the Mefs of Pottage he had so dearly paid for. But the very last Transaction between them, we believe will be admitted, bears an exact Resemblance to the foregoing.

While this then was her Situation, sure an impartial or compassionate Reader will imagine there could not be a more lively Image of Misery upon Earth!—To have been turned a-drift in an open Boat in the Midst of a Storm, as the last dismal Refuge, to prevent sinking with a foundering Ship, could not have filled her Soul with more dreadful Apprehensions. The Memory of it is still terrible to her; and, take it all together, we are very sure it is not to be paralleled in any History now extant.

We

We almost despair now of giving our Readers any further Curiosity, to know what may have since become of her; if, therefore, to amuse or entertain had been the only Motive of our telling this long, and, for the most Part, melancholy Story, here at least (if not long ago) this Narrative might have ended: But it is hoped, when an afflicted Heart is so overcharged with Sorrows, and has patiently borne them for such a Number of Years, she may be thought excusable, if we cannot bid the World Farewel till she has called it a little further to account for having made her so outraged an Object of Affliction and Distress.

Suffer us then, we conjure you, Reader, to proceed yet a little further: She gains at least this miserable Consolation in unbosoming herself while thus oppress'd; every Complaint poured out is a Relief to the mighty Weight.

When she returned home to her Sister, whose Heart was bursting with Affliction, she begged she would be comforted, and endeavoured to give her all the Consolation in her Power.

But now every other Consideration gave Way to that of the Safety of her Person; for as these People had dragged all the Money

Money from her, by an equal Distribution of which among her Creditors she proposed to have gained her Liberty, she had nothing now to expect but the being thrown into a Jail; for the People she was indebted to, would no doubt be extremely irritated against her, how innocent soever she might be, for parting with the Money without giving them just Proportions; never considering, that under the Circumstances she was, she had but that wretched Alternative, *viz.* To pay the Money, or to be hurried directly to a Jail.

So that now the Care of her Liberty employed all the Reflection such a Scene of Distress had left her: It is plain therefore, that when the Behests of Providence are assisting, they provide much better for us than our wisest and best-concerted Schemes could do: Even in our Distresses, that which seems the severest and hardest to be borne, often turns out to be our greatest Good.

How heavily would all her Maltreatments and Disappointments have sat upon her Spirits, had the Fears she was in of a Prison left her Time for Reflection! But her lesser Ills were absorbed in the greater: Safety was all she had now to think of,

for

for nothing could possibly appear so terrible to her as a Jail.

Therefore, having consulted with her Sister what was best to be done, they at last concluded that she had no Way left to be secure, but to contrive to go over to *Boulogn* in *France*, and stay there till her Sister should get a Letter of Licence drawn up, and go among her Creditors and endeavour to prevail with them to sign it.

At her Return she was resolved to have taken a Shop, and have tried her Fortune in an *India* Warehouse, and to have dealt in all Manner of *India* Goods.

Accordingly, her Sister went immediately into the City, to inquire if there was any Ship going to *Boulogn*; and the first News she heard was, that the Cartel Ship, of which Capt. *Merriton* was Commander, was to sail the next Morning.

But as that would be sooner than she could possibly be ready, her Sister told the Captain, if he would stay three Days for her she would pay him any Price.

The Captain said he would not do that under Twenty Guineas, which she having agreed to give, every Thing was prepared for her Departure, and she embarked with her Maid-servant on board Captain *Merriton's*

ton's

ton's Vessel at *Gravesend*, the 4th of *August*, 1744.

The next Day she arrived at *Boulogn*, where she continued for eight Months; and by Vexation brought herself into a very bad State of Health.

During this Time her Sister laboured all that was in her Power to bring her Creditors to sign a Letter of Licence to her, but in vain: They were deaf and inexorable to all her Arguments and Intreaties.

In the mean Time the *honest* Mr. *M——n*, with his usual *Care* and *Diligence*, first moved my Lord Chancellor to get the Bill dismissed.

Upon the Motion, my Lord inquired what had been done: To which his Lordship was answered, Mr. *M——n* had compromised the Affair *to her Satisfaction*.

My Lord made Answer he was very glad to hear it, and gave Orders that the Bill should be dismissed.

But had his Lordship known under what Circumstances she was forced into it, would that Bill ever have been dismissed? —No, surely!

The next Deceit that was to be put upon a Court of Justice, was to procure a Meeting

Meeting of the Court of Delegates ; before whom there was a Proctor and several Council brought to appear for Mrs. *Muilman*, who were to make a sham Opposition, but in Reality were to consent to their joint Appeal being withdrawn.

But this with all their Art they were not able to do so glossed over, but that the Judges shook their Heads and declared their Disapprobation.

But it being artfully insinuated to them that Mr. *M——n* had made a very handsome and ample Provision for her, and that what was now doing was with her full Consent, they at last yielded that the Appeal should be withdrawn, though not without such a Reluctance as visibly testified their Dissatisfaction ; insomuch, that she was informed by some of the Gentlemen who were obliged to attend, had a Child of five Years old appeared for her, and only said *she is forced into this Consent*, all the Art of Mr. *M——n* and his Emissaries would not have been sufficient to have got that Appeal withdrawn ; and for the Truth of this she appeals to the Reverend and Honourable Persons who composed that Tribunal, as well

well as to every impartial Person then present.

Since the Writing of this Part of her Narrative, Mrs. *Muilman* has received a very severe Rebuke from one of those honourable Persons, for not having personally appeared and opposed it at all Events; though in Fact that Dismission no way debars her from the Recommencement of that Suit, there being an indispensable and positive Doctrine in the Civil Law, which declares that *a Marriage-Cause can never be at an End.*

Consequently, his having basely driven her into the signing a Bond of a Thousand Pounds to tie up her Hands, would prove but a Cobweb Security to him, were she in golden Circumstances to overhaul him again, and bring the Affair before the proper Tribunal.

Disconsolate and despicable as he may now think her, yet let him know she has at this Time still in Reserve for him *a warm and glowing Secret in her Breast, which when she comes to disclose will make him tremble*; and though Prudence bids her for the present be silent, it almost gives her as much Pain to conceal it as she has ever felt from all his exploded Artillery of Persecution.

What

What we have told the World is only preparative to what will come, if he still continues to provoke her: For, till he thinks fit to do her Justice, by restoring the Annuity he has defrauded her of and unjustly detains from her, he may depend upon it she will always keep such a Reserve for him as shall make the very Sun irksome to him; and make him at last say, with Sir John Falstaff in the Play, *Would it were Bed-time, Hal, and all were well*; for as he absolutely refuses to give her any Maintenance, we believe our Readers will readily acquit her of any Breach of Honour, when she breaks through a Contract extorted from her under the foregoing Circumstances.

The short Point between them amounts to no more than this, *Are these Things so?* If they are, we believe the Reader will admit Mrs. Mulman ought to be maintained. *If they are not*, let Mr. M—n come and shew the World they are not; and they will then perceive how little she deserves a Maintenance from him, or the public Compassion.

But to return:

Here we cannot omit taking Notice of a most shameful Piece of Fraud and Treachery

Treachery in him (*M——n*) of a pretty extraordinary Nature.

The Register was obliged to appear in Court with the Exhibits; *viz.* His original Letters, the several Affidavits, and Examination of the different Witnesses, Mrs. *Muilman's* Libel in Court, &c. which his Proctor took Care to get hold of, and never returned. We would, were that Man living, have set forth his Character; but as he is dead, we are content to let his Iniquities sleep with him in the Grave.

But the Loss of these Originals would have been a great Detriment to Mrs. *Muilman* had there not been Numbers of Copies taken of his Letters, during the Course of the Proceedings in *Chancery* as well as in *Dotters Commons*; and she must intirely have lost *those rare and invaluable Pieces* and disappointed the Public of the Pleasure of perusing them, had she not fortunately preserved some of those Copies.

The Acts of Court he could not take away, because they remain always with the Register, and other Peoples Business is concerned in them as well as her's; and though Paper will burn, the tearing
out

out a Leaf only would not have done.

Here Mrs. *Muilman* is fond to acknowledge, with how much Readiness both those Gentlemen (the Registers of the Courts of *Doctors Commons*) have obliged her with any Extracts she has wanted to assist her Memory, with regard to Dates and Times; and she is also very highly obliged to those Gentlemen in general, and to Doctor *Paul* in particular, who have one and all, whenever they have been questioned in Conversation upon any of the Facts set forth in this Narrative, asserted the Truth of them as far as they were concerned.

When this important Affair was over before the Court of Delegates, Mr. *M——n* paid in the other Two hundred Pounds, which served to defray her eight Months Expences at *Boulogn* (during the greatest Part of which Time she had but very ill Health) and the Twenty Guineas for her Passage there, and her Return; which was indeed a most expensive one, for it was in the Depth of Winter, and no Ships passing from *France* to *England*, she was obliged to go round, which cost her a great deal of Money.

Con-

Considering her then unhappy Circumstances, it was in vain for her to stay in *France*; and therefore she was resolved privately to return to *England* and endeavour to persuade Mr. M——n to allow her a small Maintenance, on which she was resolved to retire for the rest of her Days and live in a Convent.

Our Readers will perhaps be surprized, after the Treatment she had received, how it was possible for her to conceive any Distress she could feel would move the callous-hearted Mr. M——n into any sort of Pity.

It is true, all Appearances were against her; but though Mr. M——n had, by an opulent Fortune, aided with all the Chicanery the abused Law leaves room for, hushed her Complaints and buried them in the Oblivion of Poverty and Misery; yet, as she knew the most profligate of Men must sometimes think, for no Man is able to shut himself from himself; that therefore Reflection must return; and that, whatever Outside we wear, it is from an inward Consciousness of doing well we can alone receive Content; she still imagined, upon pathetically remonstrating and setting forth her Case to him, he would be induced to allow her some
small

small Maintenance to support her retired in a Convent; because what he had made the World believe was one thing he knew in his Conscience to be another; for there Men are Judges for themselves.

In fine, as soon as she landed she took a little Lodging at the Skirts of the Town by *Hoxton*, and immediately wrote him the most moving Letter her Miseries could possibly inspire.

She begged of him for Heaven's Sake to consider whatever Misfortunes she had been reduced to, that she was his *Wife*, his *much-wronged, oppressed, and miserable Wife*: That what Part soever his Interest might oblige him to act, she hoped he would remember there was an all-seeing God to whom they both must unavoidably be hereafter accountable for their Actions; and most movingly supplicated him not to reduce her to an absolute Necessity of starving, or else of entering into some wretched Way of Life, to which she might look upon Death to be preferable; and only begged that he would be pleased to allow her some small Maintenance, such as he should think fitting for her: That she desired no Obligation under his Hand to compel him to the Performance

ance

ance of this, and would ask it of him not a Moment longer than she lived in that Retirement, and strictly conformable to the Way of Life she then purposed ; and that whatever Animosities had arisen between them during a long Course of Law, she desired might be forgot on both Sides ; and, for her Part, if he could bring his Heart to comply with her Request, that she might be thereby enabled to leave the World without wanting Bread, she would not only freely forgive him, but it should be her constant Prayers to Heaven, that the Miseries he had brought upon her might be blotted from the Account he was to give hereafter.

She begged he would remember, that they must both one Day die ; that, for her Part, she was very thankful the World had so dealt with her as to make Retirement desirable, by which Means she might be forgot ; and at the same time have an Opportunity seriously to reflect on what was passed, and prepare for the World to come : And concluded, with begging of him to be sudden in whatever he determined ; because as she was every Moment in Apprehension of a Jail, the Instant he would give her any Assurance he would take Care of her, she would return

to *France*, and the next Moment to a Convent.

In two Days time he sent a Gentleman to her, Mr. *Solomon D—*, a Jew Broker (the same we have mentioned in the First Volume of this Narrative) whom he had so far entrusted as to communicate the Contents of her Letter, and desired him to go and see in what Condition she was.

We presume this close Inquiry was intended that what he offered might be proportioned to the Appearance she made; and to say the Truth, that was but an indifferent one; because, for fear of giving the Alarm of her being in *England*, she went to the House of a Brother of her Maid-Servant, who kept a little Shop; where however she had a clean Bed to lie on, and was out of all Apprehension of being known.

To this forlorn mean Place Mr. *Solomon D—* came to her, and told her Mr. *M—n* had sent him to see her; and though he was greatly surprized she should pretend to apply to him (*M—n*) for a Maintenance, yet he could not refuse in her present Necessity some Trifle.

Having

Having inquired very minutely into her Circumstances, he assured her he would make as favourable a Report of them to Mr. M—— as she could desire; and that as, he verily believed, she was sincere in her Intentions to live retired, he could not imagine Mr. M—— would refuse her any thing that was so very reasonable and just, as a Maintenance upon these Conditions: And assure yourself, Madam, continued this Gentleman, if Mr. M—— will be advised by me, he shall instantly grant all you ask, and enable you to return where you seem to have so great a Desire to lead your Life; and I must confess, added he, I think your Resolutions are so praise-worthy I cannot believe there will need any Arguments to persuade Mr. M—— to assist you in the putting them in Execution.

But, poor Gentleman! in these Sentiments he only followed the Dictates of his own humane Heart; though one would have imagined, considering his allowed Penetration, he might have been able to give a better Guess at his Friend M——'s *different Sentiments*.

However, he took his Leave of her for the present, and assured her he would wait upon her in a few Days, which he

accordingly did; but now, alas! with an Air of Dejection or Uneasiness she had not before perceived in him.

I am come, says he, Madam, very sorry to tell you my Solicitations in your Favour have not met with the desired Success; I cannot bring Mr. M——n to hear of doing any thing for you, but that which you may probably have Reasons for not accepting of. He says, if you will go back to *Jamaica* (*where, from b being so near Death before, he knew she was least likely to live long*) he will give you a Sum of Money, and defray the Expences of your Passage; and will take Care to assist you when there, if you should want it: But, in any other Shape, he is positively resolved never to allow you one Shilling.

I assure you, Madam, continued this Gentleman, I remonstrated all in my Power against this hard Injunction, and told him how much more expensive to him it would be than that which you had proposed; but I am ashamed to tell you his Answers, and sorry from my Soul that he is so ill advised:— I am afraid he is inflexible.

Upon this he took his Leave of her, with all imaginable seeming Concern.

Now,

Now, Readers, do but observe the Humanity of such a Proposition: All she asked of him was no more than Fifty Pounds a Year, and that to be ascertained only in the Manner we have before recited; which would have enabled her to live as much like a Gentlewoman as her humble Heart could now hope for.

But, poor Creature! this was still a Happiness too high for her Pretensions: Let us observe then in what Manner this *cautiously-benevolent* Husband had proposed to provide for her:— Why, *in the Fullness of his flowing Soul*, this was the utmost High-Water Mark it could rise to, *viz.* He would give her double the Sum she had asked, provided she would instantly take a small Lodging in the first Ship that should sail for the *West-Indies*, and not stir out of it (*unless by good Chance she should take a Fancy to leap over-board*) till she found herself safely landed in *Jamaica*.

But to this Generosity, it may be supposed, he was piously prompted by the fair Chances he had to get more speedily rid of her; *viz.* Either by her being taken by the *French* or *Spaniards*, then warmly at War with us; or if the *Sea*, with its Variety of Accidents, should fail to destroy

her, the same Climate that had formerly brought her Life so low in the *Socket*, would now lend it an *Extinguisher*.

But as if, *good Man!* he had had no such hard Thoughts in his Head, he seemed to have kinder Wishes for her; and did not doubt, he said, but she had still Beauty enough to recommend her to some honest Gentleman there, with whom she might pass her Time very pleasantly as a *Mistress*, &c.

What a literally good Husband was this Mortal? He was for letting nothing lie waste you see, and plainly shews the true mercantile Spirit, to make the most of every thing. What a laudable Instance of conjugal *CEconomy!* Did any Immorality and Cruelty, any Hardness of Heart, ever come up to this?

With whatever Lightness our Apologist may be now able to talk of this shocking Circumstance, there was a Time, believe me, Reader, when it made a most dreadful Impression upon her; for the very Day her Misery had rejected this inhuman Proposal, had not Providence mercifully interposed, her own Hand had put an End to it by an immediate Death, Despair had so overwhelmed her.

The Fact was really thus :

Unknown

Unknown to the People of the House she stole out, and at an Apothecary's bought three Ounces of Laudanum in a Phial; which having in her Pockets as she was undressing to go to Bed, where the fatal Scene was to have been completed, her Maid, in untying her Under-Petticoats, accidentally let fall her Pockets upon a Stone Hearth, while she was leaning her Arm against the Chimney, in a Despair we believe would not be mis-named if called Madness.

The Fall of her Pockets upon the Hearth broke the Phial and awoke her out of that Lethargy of Despair which had brought her to that desperate Resolution; and, looking upon the Ground where she saw the Laudanum streaming, fervently exclaimed, *Gracious God! I thank thee!*

Upon this she went to Bed, fully resolved to bear up, in the best Manner she was able, against her Misfortunes, and never make such another Attempt; for that was only wanted to have made the sad Catastrophe complete. *His administering the Draught*, or forcing her by Despair to become her own Executioner, we believe the Reader will admit makes no great Difference.

In the Midst of this sad and melancholy Scene her Sister prevailed upon her to write to the celebrated *Tartufe* in the Manner formerly related, when he sent the good old Gentleman to her with the Overflowings of his Bounty, in the Form of *Four Golden Guineas*!

Reader, we conjure thee, if thou art Female, let these two miserable Instances of Man's Ingratitude live for ever in thy Remembrance!

In about three Days Mr. *Solomon D——* paid her another Visit, and told her, upon importuning Mr. *M——n* further in her Favour, he had again agreed, if she would go over to some of the remote Parts of *Ireland* or *Scotland*, and continue to live there, he would allow her Eighteen Pounds every Year.

Good God, Sir! replied she, why am I to be banished amongst an obscure People where I have neither Acquaintance nor Friends?

Why, returned he, I believe his Design is then to have it reported and believed you are dead, which can never be effected unless you go by another Name, and live in some remote Corner of the World where you were never heard of.

And,

And, pray, Mr. D——, answered she, do you think Eighteen Pounds a Year a Temptation that could draw me into this unmerciful Banishment?

No, returned he, quite otherwise; I think no better of him than you do for refusing to comply with your own Requests; and, while I live, says he, I shall never have the good Opinion of him again I once had.

Here again they parted, without coming to any sort of Resolution; and, while she was kept in Suspense by this dismal Treaty (though no other Person but Mr. M——n and Mr. Solomon D—— knew of her being in *England*) it was contrived that she should be arrested by *the worthy and honest Mr. Berick*, who kept a Public-House called *Merlin's Cave*, for 60*l.* which was done, and she carried over to the *King's Bench*, and made a Prisoner in the Liberty of the *Rules*.

But as we have been obliged in the Beginning of this Work to set forth at large in an Advertisement this whole Transaction, which is annexed to the First Volume, we shall trouble our Readers with only one Circumstance more, which is so particular, we cannot forbear reciting it.

When

When the Officers were dragging Mrs. *Muilman* away to the House of the * *celebrated* Mr. *Baker*, who has made himself as famous among the Attorneys as any Law-Taylor in *England* for fitting *his Clients with a Suit*, as their Cant is,—they were above Six in Number to arrest her—and in order we suppose to prevent her making her Escape out of the Window, they put one of the most civilized among this Troop of Cannibals into the Coach to guard her; “ whose Name “ we have forgot, but think it begins “ with an R†.”

This *humane Creature*, perceiving her *Mulatto* Woman followed the Coach crying bitterly, had the Goodness to stop and suffer her Mistress to take her in.

This poor Creature, in the utmost Terror and Surprise to see her hurried to a Jail, as soon as she came into the House fell down upon her Knees, and embracing her Mistress, said :

“ Dear Madam, I know you have been offered a Hundred Guineas for the Boy (the *Mulatto* that still lives with her) and you will no doubt be able to get at

* Vide *Tom Jones*, vol. 4, ch. 3, p. 29.

† Vide *Tom Jones*, vol 3, b. 8, ch. 13.

least that Money for me too : Let me intreat you, my dearest Mistress, to sell us both and procure your Liberty."

Sell you, Child ! (replied the afflicted Mistress, whilst her Heart was bursting with Tenderness at the fond, inborn Generosity of the Proposal) No, continued she, that I will never do, though it were to prolong my Life as well as give me Liberty.

"Do, dearest Madam (returned the weeping Creature, still upon her Knees) I beg you will ; I am indifferent what becomes of us, if it relieves you out of your Troubles."

Is there any *European* Proof of Fidelity and Affection in a Servant that equals this ?

By whose Machinations her being in Town was betrayed,——by whose Instigation she was arrested and hurried to a Jail,——we submit to our Readers. When Mr. M—— found she would not accept of any Proposals for Banishment, but that of a Convent, he chose to find out this closer Retreat, which had not quite the same Prospect of Content and Happiness for her : Besides, there was some little Chance that a dismal Jail might shorten that Life, by the Small Pox.

or a Fever, which the fresh Air, and the comfortable Provision of a well-regulated Convent, might preserve her from, and rather incline her to wish for Life than make it intolerable; which, it is plain, was what he desired.

This loving Husband therefore, perceiving she was resolved to live as long as she was able; he, I say, to quiet the Outcry that possibly might be raised against him, pretended to be still much concerned at her Confinement; but all this time never mentioned the least Word of releasing her, or even assisting her to procure the Liberty of the *Rules*, without which she would have been locked up in the Inside of the Jail a close Prisoner.

It is pretty plain he thought he had no other Security but Death against her Pretensions.

However, that the Clamour against him might not be altogether so violent as he imagined it would, should these Things come to be particularly examined into, to stop her Mouth he sent Mr. *Solomon D---* to her frequently with little Sums of Money, as Three and Five Guineas, to the Bailiff's House, where she was above ten Weeks; for she was arrested in the long Vacation,

Vacation, when the Judges were out of Town, and as the Action was first brought against her in the *Marshalsea-Court*, before she could make herself a Prisoner in the *Rules of the King's Bench*, she was under a Necessity of bringing a *Habeas Corpus* to remove the Cause from the first of these to the last ; and without having, when she was dragged away, so much as One Guinea upon the Earth.

No doubt, therefore, Mr. *Muilman* thought it would sound ill in the Ears of the World, to hear that he had suffered his *real and lawful Wife* to perish for Want in a Bailiff's House.

Therefore, with these little Sums Mr. D—— was sent to her once a Week or Fortnight; for though, *poor Man!* he might heartily wish her at the D——, yet his impertinent Conscience was always reminding him, that Numbers of People knew, as well as himself, she was his *lawful Wife*; and therefore it could not possibly do his Character any Service to let her starve in a Jail at *his own Suit*, or what is as bad, *one that he had taken Care should be commenced against her.*

To this charitable Relief, therefore, his *pious Prudence* prompted him, as it was well known, and particularly to him, that,
for

for the whole Space of her ten Weeks Durance in the Bailiff's House, she had not a single Half-Crown of her own to keep her Soul and Body together; and that the greatest Part of that time she kept her Bed with a violent Fever and Vomiting of Blood, so that for several Weeks her Life was despaired of.

And farther to tie her down to her better Behaviour, he commissioned Mr. *Solomon D——* to tell her she might draw upon him, the said Mr. *D——*, for Seven Pounds Ten Shillings every Quarter.

Here it may be observed, how unwilling she is to conceal any Fact in his Favour that Truth has the least Pretence to demand of her.

But not to make a greater Merit of this Benevolence than the Motive of it will bear, it ought likewise to be remembered, that her Health had been so miserably wounded in this Law-battle between them, that Forty or Fifty Pounds she at different times received from him, would do very little more than pay her Doctors and Apothecary's Bills.

But as his Friends may think this Act of his Bounty ought not to be concealed, let it be remembered we do him the
Justice,

Justice to acknowledge the Receipt of it; and, as an Act of his Bounty, would no more conceal it than she would lay any Fault to his Account which she had not in her Power to prove.

But under the Circumstances we have just mentioned, with the Addition of above Fifty Pounds which it cost her before she could procure the Liberty of the *Rules*, what he had the Charity to bestow, went but a little Way; for even in a Prison, wretched as her Situation was, she had still with her a poor unhappy Sister and her Children, who had no Support on Earth, but what in that miserable Condition she was able to give them; and that she did by contracting Debts for their and her own Support; for her Character was so well established with regard to the Justice of her Principle to pay her Debts, nobody who knew her scrupled to give her Credit though in a Prison.

Chiefly therefore by that Means she supported them and herself.

Had not this been the Case, and that the Moment the Power came into her Hands she was obliged to discharge as far as she was able her Debts, the Profits arising from this Narrative have been
fo

so considerable, it would have made her Life quite easy.

But before we conclude her Pilgrimage in the Prison of the *King's Bench*, it being the last Correspondence that passed between her and Mr. M——n, we must beg Leave once more to bring before our Readers that extraordinary Personage Mr. F——, her Solicitor; who, by bringing the Bailiffs into the Room when she was receiving the Money, and arresting her without having first delivered her a Bill, had, by that Means, forced her to go over to *France*.

In the mean Time, however, she had given her Sister a written Order to demand all her Writings and Papers, with some Notes of Hand, &c. which, as all his Demands were answered, he had no sort of Right to detain: Notwithstanding this her Sister could never get them from him.

At last, after her Return from *France*, and her being arrested and within the Liberty of the *Rules*, she sent to Mr. F——, and desired he would restore her Notes, Papers, &c. as also to make out a Bill of Costs; for which, if he insists upon it, she was ready to pay him; for, it is natural to believe, she would be glad to
see

fee in what the large Sums of Money she had paid him, had been expended.

But after keeping her about Two Months quibbling, sometimes saying he would, sometimes that he would not, deliver them, he at last had the Impudence to send her Word in plain, but most abusive Terms, that *he would not deliver them*; and more particularly a Note of Hand and Draught which Col. *Vassel* had paid her, and for which she had let him have Cash to defray the Expences of his Voyage, after that infamous Fellow, the *Esquire Surgeon*, had procured him to be stript of all his Money, in the ever-to-be-remembered *Tunbridge Jaunt*.

Now we have mentioned this *same Esquire*, we beg Leave to digress a little, as we are informed he has lately, among other buffoon Faces he is famous for, exhibited a new Grin, distinguished of the *horrid Kind*; and when any of the naughty, sneering Part of Mankind hint at the aforesaid *Gambling-Job*, he struts off with a Pinch at his Nose, saying, *A little Cheating at Cards is one of the modish Qualities inseparable from a modern fine Gentleman*. But though this may possibly be true, we would notwithstanding beg to know, whether it is not necessary that
a Man

a Man should have the first of these Qualities; that is to say, we submit to our Readers, whether in fact he should not be a Gentleman before he presumes to imitate their Vices? One would imagine a dirty Fellow, sprung from the Dregs of a *Whiteschapel Ale-Barrel*, might be contented with the Profits that accrue to his Trade from *one of their Vices*, without endeavouring not only to imitate but even to improve upon all the rest. But after assuming the Arms of one of the most ancient and noble Families we have, without even so much Modesty as to wear the Half-Moon, and submitting by such a Distinction to be thought a *younger Branch* of the *Falkland* Family: I say, the Man who has the Impudence to do this, may confess himself into the whole Calendar of Vices; and blush no more than *our Esquire*.

N. B. It is very dangerous for any Gentleman who is married, or otherwise Protector of a Lady, to leave this Fellow in a Room alone with her, if *she should be subject to Hysteric Fits*, as we are informed, that upon these Occasions he has taken some very unfair Advantages: *A Word to the Wise is enough.*

But to return :

The

The Draught and Note was upon an Officer for near Sixty Pounds, and when Mrs. *Muilman* was in *France* her Sister several Times importuned him (*F——*) to return them, that she might endeavour to get the Money ; but, as before-mentioned, he always refused to deliver them, saying, that when Mrs. *Muilman* came back he must be accountable for them.

But when he was required to deliver them by herself, this *modest Gentleman* sent for Answer, that *she was a damned impudent B——ch, and had robbed the Gentleman of these Notes, and that he was glad to have them in his Power to keep and return to the Gentleman whose Property they were.*

This was a Piece of Insolence Mrs. *Muilman*, amidst all her Misfortunes, had never before met with ; for we believe most People who know her will admit such Actions to be no Part of her Characteristic : And what is still more extraordinary is, that, by this *F——*'s own Desire, Col. *Vassel* drew the Draught payable to *F——* himself, who agreed to receive it from her as Cash, and actually did receive it as such, though he afterwards arrested her for that very Money, still keeping the Draught in his Hands ; and to oblige him to restore it was one of the
prin-

principal Reasons for moving the Court against him.

It would not be easy to describe her Astonishment at the Message: However, recollecting herself a little, she desired the Person who brought it to her to take it down in Writing; which he accordingly did, and it being Term-Time, the next Day she took a Day-Rule, and went to her Council to inform them of the Affair.

These Gentlemen desired her to send an Attorney to them the next Day, and promised they would move the Court to oblige him to deliver her, not only her Papers, Notes, &c. but a Bill; and they assured her my Lord would punish him severely, for having dared, contrary to the Rules of the Court, to arrest her without having delivered her a Bill the Time limited before he was at Liberty to arrest her.

Accordingly the very next Day her Council moved the Court; and there was an Order made, that *F*—— should deliver up to her all her Papers, Notes, &c. and also a Bill of Costs; and that she should be at Liberty to examine him upon Oath, touching all Monies, &c. paid him on her Account; and it was
happy

happy for her the Court were so indulgent as to make such an Order ; for, after playing all the Tricks his *Ingenuity* could invent for above Four Months, he at last delivered in a Bill to the Master before whom it was referred : But though she had paid him in full, above Twelve Months before, gave her not one Shilling Credit, and put her to the Necessity of proving every Shilling she had paid him ; though he knew in his Conscience he had never given her one Receipt for Monies paid him, except the last.

This was not the only extraordinary Proceeding of the *honest* Mr. F—— ; he also swore positively to the several *Items* in his Bill ; and there he has charged all the Fees paid to her several Council ; viz. Mr. Solicitor General, Mr. Noel Mr. Chute, and Mr. Harvey ; though it was so notoriously otherwise, that all these Gentlemen, Mr. Harvey excepted (from whom she has a Letter now in her Possession, to assure her, that upon his Honour he never received any Fee upon her Account in his Life from Mr. F—— of above half a Guinea to sign an Answer) have very readily certified they never received one Fee from him during the whole Course of the Cause, nor even ever saw his

his Face ; for Mrs. *Muilman* was obliged always herself to attend them with their Briefs and Fees.

And for fear these Charges which he had sworn to, though never paid, would not swell the Account so as to amount to the Monies she had paid him ; on being examined upon Oath, touching the Sums he had received from her, he positively forswore the Sum of Forty Guineas paid him by Mrs. *Muilman's* Order by her Sister.

As she had no Receipt for it the Account was very near being closed, and that Sum not accounted for ; but upon looking over her Papers for something she had mislaid, one of the first things she laid her Hand on was a Letter from Mr. *F——*, wherein are the Words following :

“ *Madam, Your Sister has this Day paid
“ me Forty Guineas upon your Ac-
“ count.*”

And dated exactly as Mrs. *Muilman* had charged ; for as she had no Receipt from him, she usually made a Memorandum of the Monies paid him, and by these Minutes was obliged to make out her Charge.

His

His only Recourse, when this Letter was found, was to come and swear that he had mistaken the Date; and as preceding that Time above Eight Months, Mrs. *Muilman* herself had paid him Forty Guineas, he wanted to make the Master believe it was one and the same Sum, though the first was paid in *October*, the other the latter End of *May* following.

Though this *exact honest Man* had positively sworn that he kept his Books and Accounts as regularly as any upon the Face of the Earth; and that, upon carefully examining and comparing his Books of Accounts with the Charge, it stood in every *Item* as he had sworn; yet our Readers will plainly perceive it was *notoriously otherwise*; for when her Council moved, that his Books should be left with the Master for his Perusal, he then pretended he kept no other Cash-Book or Account, but a little Paper Book, which, when full, he threw away.

This, Readers, is what they call an *able Practitioner*: However, as his Memory had not been quite so good as his Abilities, rather than suffer the Dispute to come before my Lord Chancellor, he yielded to pay that Forty Guineas, and near

near a Hundred Pounds Cost, after he had quibbled it off for above a Year.

Our Readers will please to observe, this Bill is still before the Master upon Taxation, and has been so near these Four Years.

It has also cost Mrs. *Muilman* above Two Hundred Pounds out of her Pocket; and there has been near the same Number of Warrants taken out to attend the Master.

When it will be ended, we are not able to say; *but should it happen in her Lifetime*, the Public may depend upon having a succinct and authentic Account of it, as we have formerly promised, under the Title of *the Art of Bill-Taxing*.

We are well assured it will contain some Things well worth the public Perusal.

Therefore, till she can end that Affair, and get her Papers out of that Man's Hands, it is impossible for us to give our Readers the Whole of the promised Appendix.

And to conclude: This she does still most strenuously insist upon; so very far was she from wishing to disturb the Peace and Quiet of her Husband; she does again most solemnly aver, that nothing but to keep herself and a helpless Family from perishing

perishing, could have brought her to a Resolution of exposing him in Print, how loudly soever the Injuries she has suffered, called upon her for a Justification.

Though, if our Readers will please to observe with what implacable Malice he persecuted her, even so lately as in her Retreat to the Verge of the Court, they will readily admit it was time for her to throw off all the Tenderness and Delicacy that remained with her, for any thing that his Credit and Reputation might suffer in consequence of her Appeal to the Public.

But as we desire to hasten all in our Power to a Conclusion, before we take leave of our Readers, we must fulfill one of our principal Intentions in the undertaking this Work, *viz. To make an Apology for this poor unhappy Woman's Conduct*; and for this she flies not to her Misfortunes for her Excuse: She confesses the Generality of her Actions have been greatly blameable, and is most sincerely sorry for any Offence she may have given the World; but she hopes they will have the Justice and Candor to impute no more to her Account than that which she has really deserved, and comparing her

Distresses and Provocations with her Faults and Indiscretions, they will be so good as to bring a Balance in her Favour.

The Calumnies and Scandal which have been thrown out against her since the Beginning of this Work are not to be numbered; for People whose Badness of Heart inclines them not only to believe, but to wish Ill to others, without any Reason for that Rancour of Mind, than the natural Malignancy of their own Temper, hate to be set right in Favour of those they hate, with so much Ease, imbibed an ill Opinion of, and propagated with so much Acrimony.

And there are of these, who, not content that she has prostrated herself at the Feet of the Public, are displeased with her for not telling her Story in a ludicrous, obscene, immoral Style, that they might have the same Opportunity to despise and blame the *Apology*, they have taken to abuse and villify the *Apologist*.

But it is not to these; it is to the *Virtuous*, the *Generous*, and the *Good*, we kneel for Pardon; these, it is the deepest Affliction to her to think she has ever given Offence to; and we hope the Decency and Modesty of Style we have endeavoured to

to preserve throughout this Narrative, has made it not unworthy their Perusal; for whose Approbation alone she is solicitous.

We also hope it will be acknowledged, notwithstanding it was given out by her Enemies, that this Work was intended to be composed of nothing but a general Scene of Abuse and Scandal to villify all her Acquaintance, that she has been grossly belied.

Our Readers will see we have not gone out of our Way to seek out Subjects for her Vengeance, nor severed from the Promise we made in our Title Page, which was to give a Chain of her Life so far as it was necessary to connect and illustrate this remarkable Story between her and Mr. M——n, for had we gone into minute Particulars, or pretended to have given the Public any thing upon her Veracity only, this would have been a voluminous Work indeed! Therefore, we have confined ourselves to Facts that are so authenticated, we are very sure no one upon Earth can, with Truth, contradict them; and we hope we may claim a Right to be believed till that shall happen.

We already have, and shall hereafter totally disregard all anonymous Witticisms that are thrown at us, which we look upon as *truly honourable* as Stabs given in the Dark by Assassins.

Either what we have said is strictly true, or it is not; if any Man will undertake to prove the latter, and set his Name to his Assertions, we shall think such and such only worthy of an Answer.—And if we cannot give them one to the Satisfaction of the Public, that just Contempt must fall upon our *Apologist* she would then deserve; for the calling her Names, and inventing lewd Falshoods and scandalous Stories of her, does not refute a single Circumstance we have asserted.

She had been under no Necessity to apologize for a Life of Sufferings and Misfortunes, had it not been a blameable one: And we would ask those, who take upon themselves to blame her for the Mention she has made of some People of the highest Rank in this Kingdom, which of them it is by whom she has not been first injured? And if People of *high Birth* or *Rank* condescend to commit Actions a Village Rustic would blush at, they may thank themselves for the Parts they exhibit in her *Drama*.

We

We are now going to make our favourable Readers the best Reparation in our Power for this long Trespafs upon their Indulgence, and by a Conclusion of this Narrative (which is but too often the only commendable Part) do a thing we are persuaded our most inveterate Enemies will forgive.

A Pilgrimage through three whole Volumes of our Apologist's Misfortunes, may perhaps be thought too severe a Penance on the Public; but when a Woman, inflamed with such a vast Variety of Oppressions, begins once to talk upon Paper, no Wonder the copious Talent of the Sex should lead her into a Labyrinth, through which the Clue of our Readers Patience may not be long enough to conduct them.

However, we flatter ourselves this Performance will not be found without its Use; since the Baseness, Ingratitude, and Cruelty which appears to have been the melancholy Rewards of our Apologist's Follies, may deter others, to whom Nature has given more Beauty than is needful for a wise Woman to build her Happiness upon, from following her Examples. Her Sufferings may at least serve as a Beacon, or Sea-mark, to warn

from a fatal Ship-wreck those fair Adventurers who may hereafter launch into the World, while Youth is their only Pilot to steer so weak and perishable a Vessel as Beauty.

They will find that no Reformation is sufficient to expiate the Offences of the Fair, who seem the only Part of GOD's *Creatures* that are prohibited the Benefit of Repentance, and are so completely under the Curse of the Law, that she who *offendeth in one Point* is immediately denounced *guilty of all*.

The Publication of her Injuries may perhaps for the future prevent the *high-born* DEBAUCHEE from presuming so far upon the Privilege of Quality, as to think he has a Right to triumph in the Virgin Spoils of a tender Infant, and then abandon her to the almost inevitable Consequence of her lost Innocence, *Shame* and *Misery*.

The MERCHANT may find that other Qualities besides that of Wealth are necessary to constitute him (in the Trading Phrase) a *good Man*; and that the Crime of *Adultery*, or *Bigamy*, supported by the most oppressive Course of Litigation, Bribery, Perjury, and even Murder itself, however it may effect his *mercantile Character*,

rafter, will prove no very advantageous Recommendation of his *moral One*.

The BEAU ADVENTURER (*Tartufe*) will perceive, that after having levied an amorous Tribute on his fair Keeper, and rioted in the luxurious Enjoyment of her Charms and Fortune, at last to refuse the smallest Aid to those Wants which he had in great Measure occasioned, will be deemed such a Strain of Ingratitude, as, however he may plume himself on being a *Man of Mode*, or that Truth is not believed, if spoken by the Wretched, he may depend upon it her Story will most effectually prevent his being hereafter mistaken for a *Man of Honour*.

Such have been the principal Offenders we have thought proper to bring before the Bar of the Public, and have the Satisfaction to find our Prosecution of them justified by the Verdict of that impartial Tribunal.

There are some others whom we have occasionally condescended to mention; but it may be said, their *Nothingness* ought to have proved their Asylum: Yet, as the most contemptible Insect has sometimes the Power to blast the fairest Fruit, to crush them was, we imagined, the surest

Means to prevent the spreading of their Canker.

After having buffeted the Billows of the *Law* upwards of Twenty Years in Search of *Justice*, and only to arrive at the wretched Port of the desert *Island of Poverty* at last, may furnish an instructive Caution to others how they embark in so romantic an Expedition.

If Losers may have Leave to speak, sure no one can plead a more extensive Title to that Privilege than our Apologist: Yet, with the total Loss of Fortune, she is likewise to be deprived of the poor Consolation of Complaint; and to point out the Rocks and Shelves on which she unhappily split, is deemed an unpardonable Injury offered to those whose Subsistence depends on the Plunder of the like unfortunate Wrecks.

But though the Freedom of our Remarks, concerning the Practice of the Law, may have raised us some Enemies among the Professors of it; yet we should think ourselves happy if her Story should prove the last to justify the Truth of that melancholy Observation, that in this Country of Liberty, *the Means of Redress are only found to be an Aggravation of the Grievance.*

It

It would be but an ill Compliment to our Readers to tire with them a List of those *Hirelings* who have exposed themselves in Print against us, and who by scrawling a few unintelligible Characters upon Paper, would impose on the Public by fixing her Name to the Trash they expose to Sale. But as their *Writings* only serve to make an unlucky Discovery of their Deficiency in *Reading*, untill they have learned to sign their *Names* (if they have any) we shall think ourselves under no *Obligation* to take Notice of their Marks.

ONE indeed on whom his Parents were so indulgent as to throw away a somewhat more liberal Education, which he has ever been remarkably industrious to misapply, has thought proper to stand forth in a more *solemn* Manner, and at the Expence of *much Malice and Tobacco*, spit out his venomous Slaver against these *Memoirs*.

But, gentle Readers, must it not be pleasant enough to hear this *Mite of Magistracy* haranguing his gaping Brethren upon the *Licentiousness of the Press*, which he himself had so many Years polluted? and thundering out his *harmless Vengeance* against the honest Exercise of that *Liberty*,

which he had so shamefully *abused*? A Person whose *Principles* are observed to be of so fluctuating a Quality, as to veer round to every Point of the political Compass just as the Magnet of *Interest* attracts them.

No sooner had this *new Convert to the Gospel and the Ministry*, by a more flagrant Prostitution of his Tongue and Pen, wriggled himself into a *little dirty Authority*, but he at once commences Zealot in the Work of *Reformation*.

Speak not Evil of Dignities, becomes a Fundamental of his Faith and Practice; and to pry into the Ark of *State*, like that of *God*, is such a Degree of Profanation as to deserve no less dreadful a Punishment.

Power with him, like the *Horns of the Altar* of old, has such a sacred Efficacy, as to hallow whoever can take hold of it, and *sanctify* their *Offences*.

Hence, when in the Course of our *Apolo-*
logy we had Occasion to mention a *certain*
PAGOD of his Profession, our Priest of
the Law immediately takes the Alarm,
and was for letting loose the whole *Legion*
of the *legal Inquisition* upon us.

From this Spirit of Persecution one
would be apt to conclude, the *late Les-*
sons

sons of his pious Patron had not so completely *christianized* him as he would insinuate; and that whatever particular Veneration he may pretend to have commenced for the *Bible*, it may be doubted, whether it does not proceed from the *temporal Advantages* he receives from it as a *JUSTICE*, than its *spiritual Comforts* as a *Christian*.

However, to convince the Public of our Superiority over him, even in this *new acquired Branch* of his Character, *viz. Christianity*, we shall pay such Obedience to its Dictates, as to forbear taking that severe Revenge, which some Anecdotes of his Life, now in our Hands, put greatly our Power.

But let him remember, this Forbearance may depend on his future Behaviour; provided, instead of Libels against us and his Country, he confines himself to the Publication of his *pretty Story-Books of Foundling Infants*, calculated for the Entertainment of Lovers, &c.

At present we shall leave him in the vain Possession of his mercenary Tribunal; issuing forth *Twelve-penny Citations* to his legal *Warehouse*, and earning a scandalous Subsistence by the Sale of that Justice which,

which, to be rendered *respectable*, ought to be *less venal*.

But when the Dispensation of Justice is made a *Trade*, no Wonder the *Rod* of Authority should become a *Scorpion* in the Hands of those whose Backs would much better justify the Application of it.

We must beg Leave however to remind our Readers, this Man may have other Reasons for his ill Behaviour to our unhappy Apologist, beside that of mean Flattery to his *new Patron*.

There are a Set of People in the World, called *Levellers*; and we cannot give a more lively Description of the Creatures we mean, than in the following Story.

“ There were a Set of jovial, well-rigged, spruce Sailors, whose Hearts being elate with Victory, and their Pockets full of Prize-money, had got together in the Garden of a Public-house, dancing and merry-making.

Among many Spectators there were five or six Chimney-Sweepers; who, vexed to the Soul, and envious of their Mirth and neat Appearance, immediately caballed together to do something to interrupt their Happiness; and having agreed upon

upon the Means, at once mingled in Dance among the honest Tars, saying, that *though they were not so clean, they would soon make the poor Sailors as black as themselves.*"

The Consequence however of this Insolence of the *Chimney-Sweepers*, was a most hearty *Drubbing* from the provoked Tars.

Let the present *Dealer in Black* remember the Fate of his Brethren.

Now, candid Reader, we come to our last Farewell; Mrs. *Muilman* begs Leave to return her Thanks to the Public for the great Favour and Indulgence which the melancholy Recital of her Misfortunes have met with; and she hopes for a Continuation of their Favour and Compassion, so long, and no longer, as it appears to them, that what she has asserted is every Syllable true.



APPENDIX.

The following Letter was wrote by a LADY, labouring under the Iron Hand of Injustice, to a certain GREAT MAN, several Years ago; and will give our Readers some Idea of the Fortitude and Spirit with which she bore her Oppressions.

WHEN I open my Complaints in a Passage to your L—, I am not insensible how much I expose myself to your Indignation. I know, whispering a Magistrate of high Rank, on Matters which concern a Cause he is to be Judge of, was formerly exploded, and looked upon as an audacious Offence; because they, who make such an Application, not only call in Question the Justice and Integrity of the King's Representative, but submit to have it thought, that the iniquitous Favour they solicit,

solicit, is no other than the Violation of the Trust reposed in the Person they address, for these base Purposes: And I, my L——, have lived — Oh! Stain to the Honour and Dignity of the Crown! — to experience, that, not only the Face of Justice can be occasionally changed to humour the Interest to Passions of such a Magistrate, but even the fix'd Ideas of Right and Wrong, which are always held invariable, altered, and perverted, to ruin and oppress an unhappy, helpless Woman, over whom the Hand of Power operates, under the Government of Interest. — Interest! — did I say my L——? — I am afraid Mr. M——'s predominant Avarice will never give him Leave to proportion the Reward-suitable to the Sacrifice.

Every Man's Character, public or private, has its Value; and though you have not been bred to mercantile OEconomy, it cannot be supposed, under the Notion that every Little adds to the Heap, you would retail your Favours at such a Loss, as to become a Bankrupt by that sort of Traffic.

My L——, Acts of Injustice have a thousand Tongues, and as many Stings; and I presume the ever-memorable Instance

stance of the *great Man your Patron*, is a recent Proof, that neither *superlative Pride*, *profound Knowledge*, or even an *immense Fortune*, are Bulwarks against Acts of Injustice and Oppression; and though I am not of an Age to remember any such Sacrifice to public Justice, yet I read with Pleasure, that the Hill of Glory is that from which evil Ministers tumble with the greatest Rapidity.

Were my Sentiments couched in ambiguous Phrase, I would explain this Preamble; but as Deceit was never a Native of my Heart, my Thoughts have but one Meaning, and that you can no more mistake, than I the Motives for your late Proceeding.

Which Way can I have offended you, that you should open your Ears to a base private Application, and, to my Prejudice, break through Law, yea and even through Reason, Justice, and Conviction, to ruin me?—Remember, with my own Eyes I beheld the Tempter at your Ear; and by the poisonous Blushes which Guilt had brought upon your Countenance, I saw---but too plainly---that *Daniel* had a *Tongue*---you an *Ear*---that *M---n* had *Money*---you a *Hand*. Therefore, though there was not so much as a
Doubt

Doubt of the Justice of my Cause, I very well knew what sort of Relief I was to expect.

You have Daughters ; and shall I not comfort myself with the Thought, that the Sins of the Father shall be punished in the Children, even to the third and fourth Generations ?----As for you, I despair of ever seeing you make the *elevated End* your Father did : But I would have you keep this Part of the Funeral Service, by way of *Memento*, in your Thoughts ; *Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return,*

Do not mistake me ; I only mean this *metaphorically*, to put you in Mind of your juvenile Days, when you used to go and look for the Hour on a *kneeling Negro in a certain Garden*.

I would not be thought to cast the least Shadow of Reflection upon *the Meanness of your Birth*, &c. This is only to shew you, that Fortune, though she has her Flows, has her Ebbs also ; and should I live to see the Day, that Justice calls upon you to render a severe Account of your past Actions, of which I make myself so sure, to me it seems as though I were *prophetic* ; I say, should that Day happen, the Sight of me, in a proper Place, will give you *Convulsions* far different from those

those I first surprized you into, when you were so kind as to advertise me, that *Justice had long Claws*; and I suppose the next Time I have the Favour of appearing before you, I shall discern another Part of *the long clawed Monster*,——*your Honour's CLOVEN FOOT*. But, thank Providence, as I know the *utmost of your Power*, I also known that *of my own Danger*; and, aided by a happy Disposition, when once I can ascertain *the first*, I am quite superior to *the last*.

But how infinitely should I lose, if any Part of a Woman's natural Timidity should withhold my Hand from telling you these Truths. This is a Privilege you cannot take from me; and in my Opinion is a Vengeance worth a Diadem. Be in the mean Time assured, no shameful Perversion of your Power can ever gall me; and I glory to have it in mine, to tell you, as the Prophet did *David*,

THOU ART THE MAN.

A
L E T T E R

Humbly addressed

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD,

WHEN you jocosely recommended to me the Writing of the *Whole Duty of Woman*, I dare say you imagined the Thought expired in the Birth: First, that I believe your Lordship does not conceive me capable of a Task of such Solidity and good Judgment; and lastly, that my own Actions have been conducted with so little Wisdom and Discretion, it is hardly possible to imagine, that she, who has judged so ill for herself, can have any Conception what the Duty of a Woman really is, or ought to be. I confess my
general

general Conduct justifies your Opinion of me; but were Appearances still stronger against me, I am conscious my Misconduct have not arisen from Ignorance, so much as a thousand concurring unhappy Circumstances that have attended me; and I readily take Shame to myself, that my Love of Pleasure and Neglect of the more material Part, has had no small Share in my Misdoing. However, my Lord, notwithstanding Reason disapproves, and that I stand even Self-condemned, give me Leave to assure you, still you are mistaken; and that what I appear to be, or at least what your Lordship seems to think me, has no more Resemblance of the real Woman, than the greatest Opposites in human Nature have to each other.

But, my Lord, my saying this will be no Proof of your Mistake, unless I can otherwise demonstrate what I assert: Therefore I hope I shall be the more pardonable, if I present your Lordship with an Instance you are well acquainted with; that five-and-twenty Years makes a total Alteration not only in us, but our Opinion of Things; I would only beg Leave to ask your Lordship, if those who have the Honour now to approach you, should look upon you as the gay, pleasure-loving, wild,
un-

unthinking, Lord *Stanhope*, amidst your Companions of the same Age, never imagining that twenty Years, excellently well employed, had made any Change or Improvement. Good Heaven! how would they be deceived, nay,—would they not even deserve Contempt that could so imagine, when instead of the unthinking Sallies natural to that Age, in this they would see the most finished Pattern of what Man ought to be, that any Age has ever yet produced?

Your Lordship has done me the Honour to tell me I am no bad Painter in black and white. Have a Care then,—you are now sitting for your Picture; and were I sure to lose the little Reputation I have gained as an Artist this Way, I am determined to make it so like, it shall want nothing but Animation. I know how unconcerned you are at the Menace, while no conscious Blush of inward Guilt disfigures the Original. Here then you are:—The Canvas, or Ground-work, is Greatness of Mind, Integrity, strict Honour, and a noble Birth.——Pray observe the Features: There is Gravity without Moroseness, the most piercing Wit without Ill-nature, perfect good Breeding without Affectation, and a Benevolence of Heart
that

that adds Lustre to the Whole.——Well, I have lost my Art, if any one, who has the Honour to have ever so distant a Knowledge of your Lordship, hesitates to pronounce it like as the Life. The Picture being finished, I suppose it will be expected I should put the Drapery on :——No, no, my Lord, I shall give myself the Airs of an Artist, and leave that to the Daubers.

My Lord, I had most cautiously avoided a Representation of these rare and amiable Qualities, because I really have an utter Detestation to any Thing that has the least Shadow or Appearance of Flattery ; and it is hardly possible to do even Justice to your Lordship, without so far stirring up the Envy of the Generality of your Sex (for, my Lord, the Men will envy sometimes as well as the Ladies) that I shall be accused of a Vice that my Soul abhors, while I am telling nothing but the most solemn Truths ; therefore would have shunned the Mention I have made of you, had I not been under a sort of Necessity to introduce a Proof of my Judgment in Men, and such a one as I am sure will be approved of by every unprejudiced Person into whose Hands this may happen to fall ; for I take it for granted, if I do
not

not raise the Expectation of my Readers, by shewing my Judgment in Men, they will conceive but an unfavourable Opinion of what I shall hereafter recommend as the Duty of a Woman; but I believe at present I have given a Test that will put it out of Dispute.

But as I just hinted concerning what I appear to be, and really am: When I wait upon your Lordship with my usual Sprightliness and Gaiety, pleased with the Chit-chat of an Hour, my Loss of Beauty is forgotten, and you go back five-and-twenty Years for my Entertainment: Yes; and that I may think you in earnest, even condescend to suit your Conversation to that gay Time; imagining, no doubt, that I have too much of the Woman in my Composition to endure the Thoughts of antiquated Beauty: But, my Lord, believe me, I am so little out of Humour with my Loss that Way, I could, with infinite Pleasure and Entertainment to myself, talk to your Lordship upon graver Matters, without being under any Apprehension my Sentiments would lessen me in your Esteem. It is true, I was born constitutionally with the greatest Share of Vivacity and Spirits of any Woman in the World; but, my Lord, I may say
by

by Fortune, as *Milton* upon his own Blindness, *In my Beginning I was presented with an universal Blank, and the Obligations I had to Nature, were perverted by my accidental Poverty, which turned that Beauty that was bestowed on me to so many Snares by which I was ruined and undone; and in Consequence have passed my Life in Sorrow and Misery:* And, however this Declaration may shock your Lordship's Belief, it is most solemnly true; for when in my Youth, a Time in which we are generally too much taken up with our Pleasures, and the Gratification of our Passions, to give ourselves Leisure to reflect upon the Rectitude of the Means by which we obtain them; even then, I say, when we cheat our Understandings with the dazzling Prospects of imaginary Pleasures, — I was wretched; — because the Pleasures I tasted had not their Foundation upon a just and honourable Basis. — I was allured and flattered by gay, gaudy Appearances, because I saw the Eyes and Adoration of the World followed those Appearances; but, my Lord, my nightly Slumbers, and the Moments we are wont to turn our Eyes inward, were disturbed, and the Sweets of Rest embittered by the stinging Reflections that followed the Means,

Means by which those Appearances were supported. Still went I on, in Hopes of better Fate, until I found myself in the Condition of a young Prodigal who, having brought his Fortune to the last Stake, hazards even that, hoping still to retrieve; and like him too (but, alas! too late) I found myself cheated and undone: And this (will you believe me, my Lord?) I soon found out; but at the same time perceived that cruel Bar for ever shut against me, a Bar fashioned by Custom against our unhappy Sex, when once they offend against Virtue's sacred Rule, which rigorously excludes us from any Degree of Fame, be our future Conduct ever so nice, or scrupulously regular. And this very tyrannic, unchristian Custom, which I am morally convinced has ruined innumerable Women, was the Reason I became careless of my Conduct; because I found all Efforts to retrieve my Loss were vain: For, my Lord, were it otherwise, believe me, no Woman of Birth, having had but a tolerable Education, could possibly, when Reflection returned, submit to live in any Degree of Infamy, let the Temptations be ever so great and flattering. For my own Part, I most solemnly aver,

I would not : To have been Mistress even to an Emperor, I should have always looked upon as a State of Infamy, Misery, and Dependence, to which I should have esteemed the humblest Condition of Innocence that can be imagined, infinitely preferable ; and so true it is, that this particular Infamy that is cast upon us when we make the smallest Slip in our Conduct, prevents not only our Return to Virtue, but makes us careless of preserving even the Appearances of it : Let us live ever so long the same Prejudice against us still continues ; for Instance in myself : Though I have been for several Years quite retired from the World, my Appearance lately as a Writer having obliged me in some Shape to renew my Acquaintance, wherever I go I am shocked to find the Men still continue to think me young ; or at least to prevent my remembering they are not, I am every where entertained with the same ludicrous Stuff they would talk to a Girl of Fifteen. Oh Heaven ! could they view themselves with my Eyes, or hear with my Ears, how would they blush to play the *Pantaloon* to a Woman whose Soul abhors such Buffoonery ; and to make my Mortification still the greater, I am
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under a Necessity to adapt my Conversation to the Farce they think fit to play ; because even a Look of Disapprobation might possibly expose me to their Ridicule, and I might be insulted for what these People would term my Hypocrisy. Therefore, at the Age of Forty, when I wait upon a great Man, with whom I had the Honour to become acquainted at Fifteen, we converse in Masquerade ; he with his Air of Twenty-five, I with mine of Fifteen ; which means no more than that he is afraid I should think he is grown old, and had forsaken his Vices ; and in that Case, would be under a Necessity to treat me with the Sense and Gravity becoming both our Ages.

Now, my Lord, these are the Disadvantages we labour under from being born Women ; and they are such that, for my own Part, were Beauty as lasting as our Date of Life, to change my Sex I would be contented to be as deformed and ugly as *Æsop* : Though I am confident, did Custom countenance us in the accidental Sallies of our Youth, and they were to be forgotten, as in Men, I could vie with the most prudent of your Sex for the Regularity of my Conduct these many Years, and for the moral Part of

it always. It would look too much like writing my own Panegyric, were I to give your Lordship a faithful Account of my private Life ; and I also know, that though I could demonstrate what I here hint at, incontestibly to my own Honour, yet this very Custom I so bitterly complain of, is so universally prevalent, there is neither Man nor Woman, by whose Company or Conversation I could think myself honoured, that would dare publickly countenance me, or *seem* to believe it possible I should possess any of the moral Virtues, having unhappily erred in the Point of Chastity : *Seem* to believe, I say, my Lord, because there is no Law, divine or human, that countenances these Sort of Gallantries more in one Sex than in the other ; therefore must this Belief be only *seeming*. You will all admit Men may be even profligate in their Amours, and none of you will dispute their being in all other Respects Men of Honour ; and as such, they are admitted into all Companies, and by all Ranks and Degrees of People : And yet, my Lord, this Difference between us has no other Sanction than Custom, cruel, unequal Custom !

Here I must beg Leave to carry my Reflections still a little farther ; for Example :

ample : Who denies Mr. *Thomas Grimes* to be a Man of Honour and Integrity ? Yet this very Man, first betrayed and ruined the unhappy Miss *Phillips*, basely, nay villainously ruined her ; and after that abandoned her to Sorrow, Misery, and Infamy ; which was the Source of all the Ruin and Unhappiness that have since befallen her, and for which she is despised and shunned by the modest and valuable Part of her own Sex, and treated with Levity by yours. *Tartufe* too is received into the Houses of all the great People in *England* ! though there is not a Debauchery, Meanness, Hypocrisy, or dishonourable Action that can be thought of, he has not been guilty of. No Man blushes to own he visits, and is acquainted with, Mr. *M——n*, though he stands upon Record perjured beyond even the Hopes of Mercy, in Public accused of every horrid Crime the Laws have yet invented a Punishment for ; and so accused, that neither by himself, nor any Hireling under his Inspection, has one Syllable he is charged with been ever contradicted.

My Lord, does any History furnish three such Instances of distinguished Villainy in Men ? Yet are their atrocious

Crimes buried beneath a Heap of Wealth, and Custom favours their Actions to such a Degree, that none of them are neglected, shunned, or despised by the World, and Men associate with them as though they stood as fair in the Records of Fame as ever *Socrates* did.—Have I not therefore Reason to repine, that the Laws of Honour should be so unequally rigid with Regard to us, when it indulges our Seducers and Betrayers with unlimited Bounds to their Pleasures, and the frequenting them without Reproach?—Yes, my Lord, I have; and I am sure you will be one of the First to own, there is neither Justice nor Reason for this cruel, unchristian Custom; the Fear of which, has cost the Lives of Millions of Infants, both unborn, and the Moment of their Birth. There is nothing so savage and brutal in our Natures, as to inspire us with a Resolution to commit sanguinary Acts of Cruelty, if we were not terrified by the Apprehension, that a Discovery would expose us to Shame and Infamy irretrievable. In fine, my Lord, this Evil is pregnant with almost every Misfortune which happens to us. Were returning Virtue to be rewarded with the Favour and Approbation of the World,

you

you would soon see it crouded with Penitents of this Sort ; and it would be giving our Sex an Opportunity to convince you, they are not inferior to your's either in Virtue or Purity of Morals, when once they arrive at an Age capable of judging for themselves ; but, my Lord, if in the first Outsetting of a young Girl's Life, she makes a Slip from Honour, how quick soever her Return be, though her Life and Conduct should ever after escape even the Rancour of Envy, yet she shall be branded to her last Moments with that Misfortune ; and if she is beautiful, every Man thinks he has a Right to demand the Possession of her Person, upon the same base Terms with the first : And really, my Lord, considering you are the Law-makers, and always seduce us to offend them, I think, in Honour and Justice, there should be some lesser Punishment than that of eternal Infamy affixed to a Crime in which you are the principal Aiders and Abettors, or else that the Crime should be equally odious in both ; *for at present the Thief is exempted from Punishment, and it is only the Party despoiled who suffers Death.*

For my Part, my Life has been one continued Scene of Error, Mistake, and

Unhappiness. I was, by my ill Fate, left Mistress of myself before the Time I ought to have forsaken my Nursery : A great Dutchess indeed would have been my kind Protectress, and have done by my Education, what the good Lady *H****f*x* did by your Lordship during your Infancy ; but it pleased my Father to (what he called) mortify her, by a Removal of me from her Protection. Like your Lordship too, I launched early into the World ; but you, with all the Advantages of high Birth and a glorious Fortune ; I with nothing but my Beauty, which indeed, while it lasted, amply supplied the Deficiencies of my Fortune. No Man living ever made a more splendid Figure than your Lordship has done Abroad : No Woman, let her Fortune be what it will (out of *England*) made a genteeler one than myself. But, my Lord, you travelled to do your Country immortal Honour ; I wandered in foreign Countries, because Strangers paid me those Honours I was denied in my own ; till tired with seeing and being seen, I returned to my native Home, always pined after, though the only one in which I have been ill treated. However, from the strange Vicissitudes of my Fortune, I have at length

length gleaned this useful and necessary Part of Philosophy : *I have lived in the World long enough to despise it ; I have sought for a Friend till I am tired with the Search ;* and I find the only *real Comforts we enjoy* are those we make to ourselves, which, if I remember right, my Lord, were in Part the Sentiments you were in when I had last the Honour to see you, and vain and presumptuous, as any sort of Comparison between us must be, it has been of infinite Consolation to me, when I roam up and down my little Garden, and frequently, “ in my Mind’s Eye,” behold your Lordship the same Way employed ; it is then I look down upon the World, and rejoice from my Soul, when I reflect my Way of Thinking in some Degree has a Likeness of your Lordship’s.

The ill Treatment I have met with from the World has taught me Wisdom, but no Hardness of Heart : I am content, —consequently chearful ; and I feel so little of the envious Reflections of decayed Beauty, I am never so happy as when I can contribute to the Mirth and Pleasure of those about me.

In this little State of Tranquillity I move ; but as Life would soon become

tiresome had we no End to pursue, mine is bent on the Preservation and Happiness of an only Sister and her little Family, of whom I am the sole Support and Dependence. Part of these is one Daughter, now about the Age of Fifteen; and in the Pains I have taken with her Education, will be best described my Sentiments of the *true Duty of a Woman*.

My Lord, I have taught her to love and fear God as the first Principle on which her every other Happiness depends; for the modish Way of teaching young Ladies this first of Duties, I look upon as one of the most shocking Neglects in their Education; and so little is this essential Part regarded, if you ask of what Religion a fine Lady is, she is scarce able to give you a rational Answer: Indeed if you proceed farther, and touch upon the Rules and Tenets of it, you find them; *for the most Part*, totally ignorant; and I must confess in either Sex, where they have not *real Religion*, by which, my Lord, I do not mean any particular Cult, but the true Love and Fear of God, there can be no other moral Virtue; for I can very soon bring myself to conceive what that Man or Woman's Ac-

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tions must be, who have no Dependence upon future Reward or Punishment.

My Lord, I have most carefully examined, what the Word VIRTUE means, to prevent this Child's running away with an Idea that the whole is comprised in Chastity; for I hold that to be only a Concomitant, and my Way of explaining it to her is, that it is necessary a Woman should have every other moral Virtue to accompany that; and in order to attain to this Pitch of Perfection, I would have her general Behaviour modest without Constraint, affable without Boldness, reserved without Prudery, and gay without Levity; and, by shewing her the Advantages of Temperance and Patience, I hope to make them her Choice. I shall endeavour too, to teach her Humility, but without Meanness; for I would give her such a Consciousness of her own Worth, as may tend to her Preservation. I will also endeavour to give her an Idea of Charity, not as it is commonly understood, but according to the true, genuine Sense and Meaning of it; and I look upon one Essential of that Charity we are recommended to practise for one another, to be an utter Detestation for Detraction. Truth, my Lord, I recommend as a Fundamental

damental never to be varied from, and the strictest Watch over her Passions; for though no human Creature is able to attain a total Government of them; yet, closely guarded, they may be kept in such Subjection as to give us the proper Mastery of them; and, in that Case, how many Evils do we avoid? By remembering her of the ridiculous Figure she frequently observes talking Women make, she will find the Necessity of a competent Share of Taciturnity; and that she may be sure to keep her own Secrets, I have taught her to think it dishonest to betray other Peoples.

I remember an Observation of *Montaigne*, who was scrupulously careful of the Education of an only Daughter; when his Wife died, he took a Governess into the House for her Instruction, and being one Day in Hearing, when the young Lady was reading, she came to the Word which in *English* signifies a Beech-Tree, but in *French* bears a *double Entendre*. The Governess reproved her for not going over that Word, with, *Oh fie, Miss, you should have gone over that naughty Word; you must never say it again.*

Montaigne's Reflections were upon this Circumstance, that these Sort of foolish
Cautions

Cautions raised a Curiosity in young Girls Minds, that was frequently fatal to them; and I am convinced he is right; for to teach young Girls *Prudery*, I verily believe may be as pernicious to them as *Libertinism*. They learn from that to mask and conceal their Passions, but never to conquer them; and they lay smothered only as Fire pent up for want of Air, which if ever they give a Vent to, spreads to their Destruction. Therefore, my Lord, am I very careful how I talk mysteriously before this Child; and whenever I mention any thing to her that concerns her Behaviour towards the Sex, I never talk of them as Scarecrows; but endeavour to inculcate, how far they may, conducted by her own Prudence, be instrumental to her Happiness, and, without that special Care of herself, to her Misery.

She is a beautiful Girl; yet, in my Life, I never told her that Beauty had, or ought to have, one single Grain of Merit essential to her Well-being: On the contrary, that there is no other Way to make herself happy, but by endeavouring to cultivate those lasting Accomplishments of which Men never tire,——a well-taught honest Mind.

She

She has great Sharpness of Wit and Vivacity. This, my Lord, I keep under the severest Constraint, by perpetually exposing to her View Pictures of Ridicule, in the Characters of witty Wives, which, begging their Pardons, I must confess I think one of the greatest Curses an honest Man can be tormented with. In short, I have an utter Abhorrence for Wit at any Rate, unless, as in your Lordship, it is in a sensible, good-natured Man's Keeping; but in a Wife it is productive of many Ills. The first Thing one of these witty ones generally finds out is, that her Husband is a Fool; and can there be a more dangerous Situation in Nature for a Woman? They may flatter themselves with an Opinion of the Figure they make in that Light; but, my Lord, I do insist upon it, the only one they can ever shine in is, that which borroweth its Lustre from their Husbands.—But to return to my Niece.

To prevent it ever creeping into her Thoughts, that any Woman can be a Goddess, I take Care her Reading shall be suited to the Lectures I give. I am not, nor in my Life ever was, possessed of a Novel or Romance. She has *Telamague* to read for the Improvement of her
French,

French, Dr. Tillotson for her *English*, and both I hope for her moral Instruction. *La Bruyere* I lay near her, by Way of Looking-glass; and now-and-then, instead of telling her what I mean, set her to translate some of the useful Places. How my Endeavours may succeed, Heaven only knows; but these are the best Methods I can suggest to train up a Girl, by which she can ever learn what is *truly the Duty of a Woman*; and, if she lives to that Estate, this Groundwork I hope will produce Condescension, Affability, Temperance, Prudence, Charity, Chastity, and Wisdom, out of which Materials, if she does not make the Man happy who falls to her Lot, I am afraid it will be his own Fault.

Your Lordship is as good a Judge as any Man breathing what we ought to be. I beseech you tell me, if you think my System a good one. If my Girl lives till she is Twenty, I shall recommend to her Perusal that celebrated Performance of your Lordship's, *the whole Duty of Man*; but at present the Morality it teaches, I think is Matter for older Heads than her's. Indeed, having the Honour to be pretty well acquainted with your Lordship, I am surprized when I read it; and unless I had had it from,

from your own Mouth that you were the Author of that pious Book, could never have believed your Lucubrations could have turned upon a System of Religion and Self-denial so full of Austerity and Mortification.

Your Lordship will I hope pardon my mentioning your being the *Author of that inestimable Piece*, as you enjoined me to no Sort of Secresy; but I do not know where to produce an Instance, that doth so much Honour to my own Opinion, *that there is nothing we are so often mistaken in as Appearances.* When one sees your Lordship with a half downcast Look, twirling your Thumbs, I must confess myself one of those Heretics, who heretofore suspected your stifled Thoughts were much more governed by the Flesh than the Spirit. Methinks I now see your Lordship in the very Position I have this Moment described, turning your Thumbs one over the other, and that your Thoughts are, *Why, what an odd Sort of a Devil this is? there is no knowing what to make of her.* And in fine, that you are as much surprized at a Sheet of moral Reasoning from me, as I can be when I turn over the **WHOLE DUTY OF MAN**, and recollect **LORD CHESTERFIELD** to be the Author.

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My Lord, give me Leave to tell you, you have drawn this upon yourself: I told you my Intention was to have done Writing; and that if the World would forgive me the Trespafs I had made upon their Patience, I would do so no more: Your Lordship said, *No, positively, no,* that *I must still write again*, and gave me for a Subject the first which came into your Head, *i. e. The whole Duty of Woman*; and to convince your Lordship I thoroughly understand what that means in your Sense of it, I look upon *Obedience* to be a principal Part; in Consequence of which, I have wrote your Lordship what I conceive the Duty of a Woman to be; and the only certain Means by which they can attain at least such a Part of it as comes within my Comprehension. I am however sensible, there may be great Amendments made, and that several necessary Hints may be given, towards the rendering my System complete. I am quite conscious I fail; but in what Part, I must submit to abler Heads.

Now, my Lord, I do not at all doubt but this will draw the Sneers of the Smarts upon me, about which I declare myself absolutely unconcerned. I have already mentioned the Impossibility, which I know
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I labour against, were I to attempt any Justification of my own Character; for Prejudice was, and Passion is, too mighty against me, for the Voice of Truth and Reason to be heard; and I know also, any String that is touched upon, to sound my Praises, would be Discord to the Ears of a prejudiced World, whose Food is Calumny. There are the great Vulgar as well as the small; and I do not know that either of them overflow with the "*Milk of human Kindness.*"

Fame, as a Writer, I am in so little Concern for, it is a Thing that never entered my Head: Therefore, Criticisms can no Way gall me; and Witticisms I can never fear, while your Lordship is pleased to condescend to be my Protector. The World has always been at War with me, under Pretence of my leading a blameable Life: I with them, for the Reasons I have given; and also, that there are but few of my Enemies who do not apparently practise themselves the Vices they pretend to disapprove in me; but by the Aid of Fortune, or some other Aid, they escape Scandal; or, which is the same Thing, are above it. But I believe there is scarce to be found a Condition like mine. I was vilified by the
World

World before I told what Motives my Actions had been governed by, and was condemned by all to whom I related ever so small a Part of my Story, that, if it was true, I did not tell it to the Public in my own Justification: I am now torn to Pieces and abused for having told Truths that make so much against my Enemies. Therefore, my Lord, quite careless who are the Laughters or Frowners, I shall henceforward proceed, endeavouring, as far as I am able, to do well; and am under no Sort of Concern for, or Expectation of, the good Word of the Evil-minded, or the Approbation of the Malevolent and Envious; neither will I ever endeavour to hit any Man a Box on the Ear, who has not first trod upon my Foot.

My Lord, from this careless Resolution I have taken up, I hope you will not imagine I am setting the World at Defiance; quite otherwise: From the Privileges I have taken myself (inconsiderable as I am) I know every Reader is superior to a Writer; and that they are all vested with the natural Power of applauding or blaming, as they are inclined. But I have been informed by my Father
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(than whom no Man had in his Time greater Experience, having even from his Childhood been a Soldier) that *frequent Engagements make a Man enter upon Action with great Unconcern.* Therefore, as during my whole Life I have been accustomed to the Mal-treatment of the World, whether deservedly or no, their Wit will lose its Edge on me. It is not Mrs. *Phillips*, who by Writing incurs their Displeasure; it is her having shewn how far they have been necessary to her Distresses: Therefore will she sit down content, let them censure or approve; ever resolved to offend them as little as she can.

The Performance I have lately made public, I do assure your Lordship, I never intended should have seen the Light, till I was laid in the Grave; and quite indifferent of the Success it would then have met with, I only meant to convince my own Family, I had not been so much to blame as they imagined, — and the World in general, that there was nothing so little to be depended upon as *common Fame*. But my Misfortunes have obliged me to do that for Subsistence, I never designed to make any other Use of than
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in my own Justification: And I must confess I am now well pleased it has happened so; since I see how *hard it is to convince a prejudiced World of Truths, even though they are told of living People, who have it in their Power, if injured, to set their Wrongs in a true Light*; And had I been breathless, I make no doubt but Mrs *Phillips's Apology* would have been read in the Character of a Romance, as much as *Tom Jones*, or any other Novel.— But it is, under all its Disadvantages, now gone forth; and though as a great Lord told me, *What though it be true he would deny it, and should be believed before me*; yet, my Lord, as those I have accused still live, if I have done them Wrong, they would do well to justify themselves while I live; for if they delay till I am in the Grave, it will be then too late. The Moment my Eyes are closed, the Facts asserted in my Books become immortal, even though denied by the noble Lord I hinted at, his Cousin, &c. &c.

My Lord, as to Diction, Stile, Language, Flowers of Rhetoric, or any one Art necessary to a Writer, I know I am totally ignorant of them; and Truth, plain Truth, in its native simple Dress, is all I depend on. The Heroes of my
History

History have forced me into a Method to get my Bread, I confess myself quite unqualified for ; but as the Variety of their Actions have furnished me with inexhaustible Matter, while I can scratch upon Paper, I will if possible not sit down without a Dinner :——Though I believe, when I have compiled the *Promised Sequel* to a History*, part of which I have already related, your Lordship will be of Opinion, *that Man had better have contented himself with Seven Dishes to have given me Two, than have feasted upon Nine with this Sequel for his Desert.*

It remains now, that I beg your Lordship's Pardon for taking up so much of your Time, upon Matters which I am quite conscious can afford you so little Entertainment. When your Lordship put it in my Head to write this, and gave me Leave to dedicate it to you, I very well knew what was your kind Intention : But if you will do me the Honour to reflect how flattering the Occasion is, which puts it in my Power to open my Heart to your Lordship, you will excuse every Crudity it contains. I can with sincere Truth aver, had Heaven blessed me

* The History of TARTUFE.

with Talents capable of composing the most perfect Piece, it should be at your Lordship's Feet I would lay it; and I can further add, with the greatest Truth, that to what Fate soever I am reserved, while I have Existence, even Time itself shall never diminish an Atom of the profound Respect with which I shall always be,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

most obedient,

humble Servant,

T. C. MUILMAN.

F I N I S.

1837

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most perfect Piece, it should be at your
Lordship's Feet I would lay it; and I can
further add, with the greatest Truth, that
to what I have said I am entitled, while
I have known your Lordship's self shall
never diminish one of the pro-
found Respect with which I shall always

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Thos. Lordship's

most obedient

James O. Sullivan

T. O. Sullivan

1837